

Spirit of the English Magazines **SPRIT** *OF THE Spirit* **ENGLISH MAGAZINES.**

THIRD SERIES.] BOSTON, OCTOBER 1, 1828. [VOL. 1, No. 1.

AN OCTOGENARIAN'S REMINISCENCES OF LONDON.

A MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM.

LET us off to London for an hour or two; not by that unhappy mail-coach, which is not once suffered to cool its axle-tree all the way from this to York Minster, and in which we have committed no crime of sufficient atrocity to deserve imprisonment. No—ours be the stiff, breeze-loving Smack; or gallant Steamer, that, never gun-wale in, but ever upright as the state-ly swan, cleaves blast and breaker as they both come right a-head,—the one blackening, and the other whitening,—while Bain's trumpet is heard in the mingled roar, and under his intrepid skill all the hundreds on board feel as safe as in their own beds, though it is near nightfall, and we are now among the shores and shallows of the Swin, where ships untold have gone to pieces.—See, there, a wreck!

As for London, it is long since we have sported our figure in Bond Street or the Park. The House of Lords has long been the object of our most distant respect—and, generally speaking, at the West End, we verily believe we are about as well known as Captain Parry, or any other British officer, will ever be at the North Pole.

Yet once we knew London well—both by day when it was broad awake, and by night “when all that mighty heart was lying still.” We remember now, as yesterday, the eve on which we first—all alone and on foot, reached Hyde-Park Corner. All

alone! yes—thousands and hundreds of thousands were on foot then, as well as ourselves, and on horses and in chariots. But still we were alone. Not in misanthropy—no—no—no—for then, as now, and with more intense, more burning passion, with stronger-winged and farther-flighted imagination did we love our kind, for our thoughts were merry as nightingales, untamed as eagles, and tender as doves. But we were young—and we were in a manner foreigners—and few friends had we but the sunbeams and the shadows of our own restless soul. From the solemn and sacred enclosure of thy bell-chiming and cloistered haunts—Rhedicyna! did we come,—the tomes of the old world's treasures closed for a season—Homer, and Pindar, and Eschylus, and Plato, and the Stagyrte, and Demosthenes, and Thucydides, left for a while asleep on the shelves of the Gothic-windowed Library, where so many musing days had cloudlike floated by, nor failed to leave behind them an immortal inspiration, pure and high as that breathed from the beauty and the grandeur of the regions of setting suns,—and all at once, from the companionship of the dead did we plunge into that of the living!

From the companionship of the dead! For having bade farewell to our sweet native Scotland, and kissed, ere we parted, the grass and the flowers with a shower of filial tears—

having bade farewell to all her glens, now aglimmer in the blended light of imagination and memory—with their cairns and kirks, their low-chimneyed huts and their high turreted halls—their free-flowing rivers, and lochs dashing like seas—we were all at once buried, not in the Cimmerian gloom, but the Cerulean glitter, of Oxford's ancient academic Groves. The Genius of the place fell upon us—yes! we hear now, in the renewed delight of the awe of our youthful spirit, the pealing organ in that Chapel called the Beautiful—we see the Saints on the stained windows—at the Altar the picture of one up Calvary meekly bearing the cross! It seemed, then, that our hearts had no need even of the kindness of kindred—of the country where we were born, and that had received the continued blessings of our enlarging love! Yet away went, even then, sometimes our thoughts to Scotland, like carrier-pigeons wafting love-messages beneath their unwearied wings! They went and they returned, and still their going and coming was blest. But ambition touched us, as with the wand of a magician from a vanished world and a vanished time. The Greek tongue—multitudinous as the sea—kept like the sea sounding in our ears, through the stillness of that world of towers and temples. Lo! Zeno, with his arguments hard and high, beneath the Porch! Plato divinely discoursing in Grove and Garden! The Stagyrte searching for truth in the profounder gloom! The sweet voice of the smiling Socrates, cheering the cloister's shade and the court's sunshine! And when the thunders of Demosthenes ceased, we heard the harping of the old blind glorious Mendicant, whom, for the loss of eyes, Apollo rewarded with the gift of immortal song! And that was our companionship of the dead!

But the voice—the loud and near voice of the living world came upon us—and starting up, like a man wakened from the world of sleep and dreams, we flew to meet it on the wind—onwards and onwards to its

source humming louder and louder as we approached, a magnificent hum as from a city with a thousand gates of everlasting ingress and egress to all the nations of the earth!

Not till then had we known anything of our own being. Before, all had been dream and vision, through which we had sunk, and kept sink sinking, like flowers surcharged with liquid radiance, down to the palaces of naiads, and mermaids, and fairy folk, inhabiting the emerald caves, and walking through the pearl-leaved forests and asphodel meadows of an unreal and unsubstantial world! For a cloudy curtain had still seemed to hang between us and the old world!—darkening even the fields of Marathon and Plataea, whose heroes were but as shadows. Now we were in the eddies—the vortices—the whirlpools of the great roaring sea of life! and away we were carried, not afraid, yet somewhat trembling in the awe of our new delight, into the heart of the habitations of all this world's most imperial, most servile—most tyrannous and most slavish passions! all that was most elevating and most degrading—most startling and most subduing too—most trying by temptation of pleasure, and by repulsion of pain—into the heart of all joy and all grief—all calm and all storm—all dangerous trouble, and more dangerous rest—all rapture and all agony—crime, guilt, misery, madness and despair. A thousand voices, each with a different tone, cried us on—yet over them all one voice, with which the rest were still in unison—the voice of the hidden wickedness that is in the soul of every man who is born of a woman, and that sometimes as if it were of guardian angel, and sometimes of familiar Demon, now lured, persuaded, urged, drove us on—on, on, in amongst shoals and shallows of that dim heaving sea, where many wrecks were visible, sheer hulks heaved up on the dark dry—or mast-heads but a foot out of the foam—here what seemed a beacon, and there a light-house, but on we bore, all sail set, to the very sky-scrapers, with flags flying, and all

the Ship of Life manned by a crew of rebellious passions—and Prudence, that old Palinurus, at the helm fast asleep, and then, as if in his own doom prophetic of ours, overboard amongst breakers!

For a moment, we thought of the great cataracts of Scotland—Corralinn—Foyers—thousands of nameless torrents tumbling over mountains to the sea—her murmuring forests and caves a-noaning for ever to the winds and waves round the cliff-bound coast of Cape Wrath! But that was the voice of Nature—dead in her thunders, even as in the silence of the grave. This was the voice of Life—sublimar far—and smiting the soul with a sublimar sympathy. Now, our whole being was indeed broad awake—hitherto, in its deepest stirrings, it had been as asleep. All those beautiful and delightful reveries vanished away, as something too airy and indolent for the spirit—passive no more—but rejoicing in its strength, like a full-fledged young eagle, leaping from the edge of its eyry, fearlessly and at once, over the cliff, and away off into the bosom of the storm!

Whither shall we look? Whither shall we fly? Denizens of a new world—a new universe—chartered liberties, as yet unblamed by Conscience, who took part with the passions, knowing not that even her own sacred light might be obscured by the flapping of their demon-wings! And why should Conscience, even in that danger, have been afraid? It is not one of her duties to start at shadows. God-given to the human breast, she suffers not her state to be troubled by crowds of vain apprehensions, or she would fall in her fear. Even then, Virtue had her sacred allies in our heart. The love of that nature on whose bosom we had been bred—a sleeping spark of something like poetry in our souls unextinguishable, and preservative of the innocence it enlightened—reverence of the primitive simplicity of beloved Scotland's Faith—the memory of her old, holy, and heroic songs—the unforgotten blessing of a mother's living lips, of a father's

dying eyes—the ambition, neither low nor ignoble, of youth's aspiring hopes, for, not altogether uncrowned had been our temples, even with the Muses' wreath—a whisper of Hope faint, far-off, and uncertain, and happily even now unrealised its promise—and far down buried, but instinct with spirit, beneath them all, a life-deep love for Her, that Orphan-maid—so human, yet so visionary—afar-off in the beauty of her heaven-protected innocence, beneath the shadow of that old castle, where by day the starlings looked down on her loveliness, sole-sitting among the ruins, and for her the wood-lark, Scotia's nightingale, did sing all night long—a life-deep love, call it passion, pity, friendship, brotherly affection, all united together by smiles, sighs, and tears—songs sung as by an angel in the moonlight glen—prayers in that oratory among the cliffs—the bliss of meetings and of partings among the glimmering woods, sanctified by her presence—of that long, last, eternal farewell!

Therefore, our spirit bore a charmed life into that world of danger and death. That face to us was holy, though then all alive in its loveliness—and, oh! that it should ever have been dead—holy as the face of some figure—some marble figure of a saint lying on a tomb. Its smile was with us even when our eyes knew it not—its voice as the dying close of music, when our ear was given to other sounds less pensive and divine.

With all its senses in a transport, our soul was now in the mighty London! Every single street-musician seemed to us as an Orpheus. Each band of female singers, some harping as they sung, and others, with light guitar ribbon-bound to their graceful shoulders, to us were as the Muses—each airy group very Goddesses,

"Knit with the Graces and the Loves in dance,"

and leading on the Hours along the illuminated atmosphere, where each lamp was as a star! The whole World seemed houses, palaces, domes, theatres, and temples—and London the universal name! Yet there was often

a shudder as the stream of terrible enjoyment went roaring by—and the faces of all those lost creatures—those daughters of sin and sorrow—with fair but wan faces, hollow bright eyes—and shrieks of laughter, appalled the heart that wondered at their beauty, and then started to hear afar off, and as in a whisper, the word "Innocence," as if it were the name of something sacred in another life and another world; for here guilt was in its glory and its grief, women angels of light no more, but fiends of darkness, hunting and hunted to despair and death!

How dreamlike the flowings of the Isis by Godstow's ivied Ruin, where blossomed, bloomed, and perished in an hour, Rosamunda—flower of the world! How cheerful, as if waked from a dream, glides on the famous stream by Christ-Church' Cathedral grove! How sweet by Ilfey's Saxon tower! By Nuneham's lime-tree shade how serene as peace! But here thou hast changed thy name and thy nature into the sea-seeking Thames, alive and loud with the tide that murmurs of the ocean-foam, and bridged magnificently as becomes the river that makes glad the City of the Kings who are the umpires of the whole world's wars! Down sailed our spirit, along with the floating standard of England, to the Nore. There her Feet lay moored, like a thunder-cloud whose lightning rules the sea—

"Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep!"

But it is night, and lo! the crowded Theatre is ablaze with Beauty; and as Tragedy, "with solemn stole, comes sweeping by," the piled-up multitude is all as hush as death. Then first the "buried Majesty of Denmark"—though mimic all the scene—was awful and full of dread to our young imagination, as if indeed "re-visiting the glimpses of the moon," on the old battlements of Elsinour—the fine, pensive, high philosophy of the melancholy, world-distracted Hamlet, flowed as if from his own very princely lips—the fair Ophelia, as she went

singing and scattering her flowers, was to us a new Image of a purer Innocence, a more woful sorrow, than we knew before to have ever had its birth or burial-place on this earth. There we saw the Shadow of the mightiest Julius standing—imperial still—before his beloved Brutus in the Tent; and as he waved a majestic upbraiding, threatening, and warning, from the hand that had subdued the world, we heard the Caesar say, "We will meet again at Philippi." There we, too, as well as the Thane, heard a voice cry to all the house, "Sleep no more—Glammis hath murdered sleep—and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more!"—and in glided, with stone eyes and bloodless face, sleep-walking Remorse, in the form of a stately Lady wringing her hands, and groaning, "Out, damned spot," while the Haunted felt in her dream, that "not all the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten that little hand!"

Then there was eloquence in the world, that is, in London, in those days; or did the soul then half-create the thunders she heard pealing from the lips of Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, the great orators of England, and startle at the flash of her own lightning? But the old pillars of the social edifice then seemed to rock as to an earthquake—and the lips of common men, in the general inspiration, were often touched with fire. Even now we see their flashing eyes, their knit brows, their clenched hands, their outstretched arms—their "face inflamed"—even now we hear their voices, flowing like majestic streams, or loud as the headlong cataract—of those whom the world consents to call great. We thought, as we looked and listened, of Him who

"Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece—
From Macedon to Artaxerxes' throne;"

nor felt that the son of Chatham was less than "the Thunderer," as he stood proudly denouncing vengeance against the legions of the Tricolor, and prophesying the triumph of the glorious Isle, "whose shores beat back the ocean's foamy feet."

The spirit of the world was then awakened by dreadful outcries from too long a sleep—and the alarum-bell that then kept tolling far and wide over the sky, though now its iron tongue is at rest, or but trembling in that "hollow," so soon and so easy made to give forth its sullen music, hangs still over the nations, who, under even the silence of its shadow, shall sink no more into disgraceful slumbers. The ears of kings, and princes, and nobles, were astounded; and all Europe groaned or gloried when the Bourbon's in-vain-anointed head, was with the few fatal words held up diservered, "Behold the head of a tyrant!" and the axe, that made no respect of persons, bit the fair neck of Marie Antoinette, notwithstanding all those glorious tresses whose beauty had dazzled the world. Life was then struck, over all its surface and all its depths, with a stormy sunshine—dread alternations of brightness and blackness, that made the soul to quake alike in its hopes and in its fears. Who wished, then, to escape the contagion?—Not even the gentlest, the most fervent, the most devoted lovers of domestic peace. They, too, joined the hymn of thanksgiving—and one Pæan seemed to stun the sky. But the very clouds ere long began to drop blood, and then good men paused even to obey the stern voice of Justice, in fear that the dewy voice of Mercy should never more be heard on earth. Call it not a reaction—for that is a paltry word—but thankful to the Great God did men become, when at last standing silent on the desolate shore, they saw the first ebb of that fiercely-flowing tide, and knew that the sea was to return to its former limits, and sweep away no more the peasant's hut and the prince's palace.

That was a time indeed, for men to speak, to whom Heaven had granted the gift of eloquence. And London then held many eloquent, who, when the storm was hushed, relapsed into men of common speech.

The poet and sage walk hand in hand together through the moral

and intellectual empire of mind—nor, in the world's admiration, is the triumphal car of victory unworthy of being placed near the Muses' bower. What mighty ones have breathed the air of that Great City—have walked in inspiration along the banks of England's metropolitan-river—have been inhumed in her burial-places, humble or high, frequented by common and careless feet, or by footsteps treading reverentially, while the visitor's eyes are fixed on marble image or monument, sacred to virtue, to valor, or to genius, the memory of the prime men of the earth! These, London, are thy guardian spirits—these thy tutelary gods. When the horrid howl of night—the howl of all those distracted passions is hushed—and the soul, relieved from the sorrow in which it thinks of sin when an eye or ear-witness to its unhallowed orgies, lifts up its eyes to the stars so bright and beautiful, so silent and so serene—then remembereth she the names, the endowments, the achievements, of the immortal dead. There—largest and most lustrous—that star that "dwells apart"—is the image of Milton! That other, soft-burning, dewy, and almost twinkling star—now seeming to shine out into intenser beauty, and now almost dim, from no obscuring cloud or mist, but as if some internal spirit shaded the light for a moment, even as an angel may veil his countenance with his wings—that is the star of Spenser! And of all the bright people of the skies, to fancy's gaze, thou, most lovely Planet, art the very Fairy-queen!

Therefore, to us, enthusiasts then in poetry—and may that enthusiasm survive even the season "of brightness in the grass and glory in the flower," which has almost now passed away—to us, who thought of Poets as beings set apart from the world which their lays illumined—how solemn—how sacred—how sublime a delight—deaf and blind to all the sights and sounds of the common day—to look on the very house in which some great Poet had been born—lived—or died! Were the house itself gone, and some ordi-

nary pile erected in its stead, still we saw down into the old consecrated foundation! Had the very street been swept away—its name and its dust—still the air was holy—and more beautiful overhead the blue gleam of the sky!

And in the midst of all that noisy world of the present, that noisy and miserable world—in the midst of it and pervading it—might not even our youthful eye see the spirit of Religion? And feel, even when most assounded with sights and sounds of wickedness, that in life there was still a *mens divini*or—

"*Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.*"

Christianity spoke in Sabbath-bells, not "swinging slow with sullen roar," like the curfew of old, extinguishing the household fires on all hearths; but, high up in the clearer air, the belfry of tower and spire sent a sweet summons, each over its own region, to families to repair again to the house of God, where the fires of faith, hope, and charity, might be rekindled on the altar of the religion of peace. The sweet solemn faces of old men—of husbands and fathers, and sons and brothers—the fair faces of matrons and virgins—the gladsome faces of children—

"For piety is sweet to infant minds"—

were seen passing along the sobered streets, whose stones, but a few hours ago, clanked to the mad rushing to and fro of unhallowed feet, while the air, now so still, or murmuring but with happy voices, attuned to the spirit of the day, was lately all astir with rage, riot, and blasphemy!

"Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn!"

Sweet is the triumph of religion on the Sabbath-day, in some solitary glen, to which come trooping from a hundred braes, all the rural dwellers, disappearing, one small family party after another, into the hushed kirk—now, as the congregation has collected, exhaling to heaven, as a flower bank exhales its fragrance, the voice of Psalms! But there Piety has

only deepened Peace! Here—though yet the voice of the great city will not be hushed—and there is heard ever a suppressed murmur—a sound—a noise—a growl—dissatisfied with the Sabbath—here, the power that descends from the sky upon men's hearts stilling them against their wills into a sanctity so alien to their usual life, is felt to have even a more sublime consecration! "The still small voice" speaks, in the midst of all that unrepressed stir, the more distinctly, because so unlike to the other sounds, with which it mingles not; that there is another life, "not of this noisy world, but silent and divine," is felt from the very disturbances that will not lie at rest; and though hundreds of thousands heed it not, the tolling of that great bell from the Cathedral strikes of death and judgment.

In the high Cathedral,

"Where through the long-drawn aisle and
fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,"

we called to mind the low kirk and its Psalms. The kirk near the modest manse, in which our boyhood flew away—with its decent pews, little loft, and unambitious pulpit—the friendly faces of the rural congregation—the grave elders sitting in their place of honor—the pious preacher, who to us had been as a father!—Oh! many-toned are the voices on the Sabbath, all praising and worshipping God!—List—list, in the hush of thy spirit, and all Christian lands are sounding with one various hymn!

And then London, ere long, became to us—in all its vastness—even as our very home! For all undisturbed amidst the din, and murmuring internally, each with its own peculiar character of domestic joys, with laughter and with song—how many dwellings for us did open their hospitable doors, and welcome us in, with blessings, beneath their social roofs! Our presence brought a brighter expression into their partial eyes; our mirth never seemed otherwise than well-timed to them, not yet did our melancholy—nor failed either to awaken congenial feelings in the

breasts of those to whom we were too undeservedly dear.

Oh! the great pleasure of friendships formed in youth! where chance awakens sympathy, accident kindles affection—and Fortune, blind and restless on her revolving wheel, favors, as if she were some serene-eyed and steadfast divinity, the purest passions of the soul! As Friendship was added to Friendship, as Family after Family, Household after Household, became each a new part of our enlarged being, how delightful, almost every successive day, to feel our knowledge growing wider and warmer of the virtues of the character of England! Perhaps some unconscious nationality had been brought with us from our native braes—narrowing our range of feeling, and inclining sometimes to unjust judgments and unkindly thoughts. But all that was poor or bad in that prejudice, soon melted away before the light of bold English eyes, before the music of bold English speech.

The Friends, too, whom in those sacred hours we had taken to our hearts, linked, along with other more human ties, by the love of literature and poetry—and with whom we had striven to enter

“The cave obscure of old Philosophy,”

and when starry midnight shone serenely over Oxford's towers and temples, sighed—vainly sighed—with unsatisfied longings and aspirations, that would not let us rest, to “unsphere the spirit of Plato”—they too were often with us in the wide metropolis, where, wide as it is, dear friends cannot almost be for a single day, but by some happy fortune they meet! How grasped—clasped were then our hands and our hearts! How all college recollections—cheerful and full of glee—or high and of a solemn shade—came over us from the silence of those still retreats, in the noise of the restless London! Magdalen, Mertoun, Oriel, Christ-Church, Trinity—how pleasant were your names!

Hundreds of morning, meridian, evening, midnight meetings! Each

with its own—nor let us fear to declare it beneath those sunny skies—with its blameless, at least not sinful, charm. Now carried on a stream of endless, various, fluctuating converse, with a friend, more earnest, more enthusiastic, more impassioned than ourselves—and nature filled not our veins with frozen blood—along streets and squares, all dimly seen or unseen, and the faces and figures of the crowds that went thronging by, like the faces and figures in some regardless dream! Now a-foot along pleasant pathways, for a time leading through retired and sylvan places, and then suddenly past a cluster of cottages, or into a pretty village, almost a town, and purposely withholding our eyes from the prospect, till we had reached one well remembered eminence—and then the glorious vision seen from Richmond Hill! Where, where, on the face of all the earth, can the roaming eye rest in more delighted repose than on the “pleasant villages and farms” that far and wide compose that suburban world, so rich in trees alone, that were there no other beauty, the poet could even find a paradise both for week-day and Sabbath hours, in the bright neighborhood of London! Endless profusion and prodigality of art, coping almost successfully with nature! Wealth is a glorious thing in such creations. Riches are the wands of Magicians. Poverty bleakens the earth—in her region grandeur is bare—and we sigh for something that is not among the naked rocks. But here from the buried gold, groves rise with such loads of verdure, that but for their giant boughs and branches, their heads would be bowed down to the lawns and gardens, gorgeous all with their flushing flowers, naturalized in the all-bearing soil of England, from all climes, from the occident to the orient!

But where cease the suburban charms of the Queen of Cities! Mansion after mansion—each more beautifully embowered than another—or more beautifully seated on some gently undulating height, above the far-sweeping windings of the silver

Thames, is still seen by the roamer's eye, not without some touch of vain envy at his heart of those fortunate ones, for whom life thus lavishes all its elegance and all its ease—Oh, vain envy indeed, for who knows not that all happiness is seated alone in the heart!—till, ere he remembers that far-off London has vanished quite away, he looks up, and lo! the Towers of Windsor—the Palace of Old England's Kings!

Nor are those "sylvan scenes" unworthily inhabited. Travel city-crowded continents, sail in some circumnavigating ship to far and fair isles, that seem dropt from heaven into the sea, yet shall your eyes behold no lovelier living visions than the daughters of England. Lovelier never visited poet's slumbers nightly—not even when before him in youth "Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!"

Wafted away, we knew not, cared not whither, on the wings of wonder and admiration,—when, during the long Summer silence, the towers of Oxford kept chiming to deserted courts and cloisters,—all England, its downs, its wolds, its meadows, its plains, its vales, its hills, its mountains, minsters, abbeys, cathedrals, castles, palaces, villages, towns, and cities, all became tributary to our imagination, gazing upon her glories with a thousand eyes. Now we breathed the fragrance of Devon's myrtle bowers—now from St. Michael's Mount "looked to Bayona and the Giant's Hold," now wept and worshipped at the grave of Shakspeare, or down the yellow Avon thought we saw sailing her own sweet stately swan! Now gazed in dread astonishment on Portsmouth's naval arsenal, and all that machinery—sublime, because of the power that sets it a-going, and far more, because of the power that it sends abroad, winged and surcharged with thunder, all over the main—ships without masts, sheer-hulks, majestic and magnificent even in that bare black magnitude, looming through the morning or evening gloaming—and lo! a First-rater, deck above deck, tier above tier of guns, sending up, as she

sails in sunshine, her clouds into the sky; and as the Ocean-Queen bears up in the blast, how grand her stern—and what a height above the waves tumbling a-foam in her wake! Now seated on the highest knoll of all the bright Malvern Hills in breathless delight, slowly turning round our head in obedience to the beauty and grandeur of that panorama—matchless on earth—we surveyed at one moment county upon county, of rich, merry, sylvan England, mansioned, abbeyed, towered, spired, castled; and at another, different, and yet not discordant, say, rather, most harmonious with that other level scene, the innumerable mountains of Wales, cloud-crested, or clearly cutting with outlines free, flowing or fantastic, here the deep blue, there the dark purple, and yonder the bright crimson sky! Now borne as on an angel's wing, and in the "very waist and middle of the night," we sat down a Solitary on Derwent Water's shore,

"While the cataract of Lodore
Peal'd to our orisons!"

Now while Luna and her nymphs delighted to behold their own beauty on its breathless bosom, we hung in a little skiff, like a water-lily moored in moonshine, in the fairest of all fair scenes in nature, and the brightest of all the bright—how sweet the music of her name, as it falls from our lips with a blessing—Windermere—Windermere!

And thus we robbed all England of her beauty and her sublimity, her grandeur and her magnificence, and bore it all off and away treasured in our heart of hearts. Thus, the towers and temples of Oxford were haunted with new visions—thus in London we were assailed by sounds and sights from the far-off solitude of rocks, and cliffs, and woods, and mountains, on whose summits hung setting suns, or rose up in spiritual beauty the young crescent moon, or crowded unnumbered planets, or shone alone in its lustre,

"The star of Jove, so beautiful and large,"
as if the other eyes of heaven were

afraid to sustain the serenity of that one orb divine !

But still as the few soul-brightening, soul-strengthening suns of youth rolled on,—those untarned years, of which every day, it might seem indeed every hour, brought the consciousness of some new knowledge, some new feeling, that made the present greater than the past, and was giving perpetual promise of a still greater future,—promise that was the divine manna of hope—while the world of nature continued to our eyes, our hearts, and our imaginations, dearer and more dear, saddened or sublimed by associations clothing with green gladness the growth of the young, with hoary sadness, the decay of the old trees,

“Moulding to beauty many a mouldering tower;”

and in storm or sunshine, investing with a more awful or a more peaceful character the aspect of the many-shipped sea,—even then, when the world of the senses was in its prime, and light and music did most prodigally abound in the air and the waters, in the heavens and on the earth, we rejoiced with yet a far exceeding joy, we longed with yet a far exceeding desire, we burned with yet a far exceeding passion, for all that was growing momentarily brighter and more bright, darker and more dark, vaster and more vast, within the self-discovered region of mind and spirit ! There swept along each passion, like a great wind—there the sudden thought

“Shot from the zenith like a falling star !”

We wished not to “have lightened the burden of the mystery of all that unintelligible world ! It was the mystery which, trembling, we loved—awaking suddenly to the quaking of our own hearts, at solitary midnight, from the divine communion of dreams, that like spirits for ever haunted our sleep.

“’Tis mind alone—bear witness, heaven and earth !—

’Tis mind alone that in itself contains
The beauteous or sublime !”

Where are the blasts born that bring the clouds across the stars ? Where

are the thoughts born that bring clouds across our souls ? The study of physics is sublime, for the student feels as if mounting the lower steps of the ladder leading up to God in the skies. But the metaphysics of our own moral, our own intellectual being, sublimer far ! when reason is her own object, and conscience, by her own light, sees into her own essence !

And where shall such studies be best pursued ? Not alone in the sacred silence of the Academic Grove—although there should be their glimmering beginnings, and there their glorified but still obscurest end. But through the dim, doubting, and often sorely disturbed intermediate time, when man is commanded by the being within him to mingle with man, when smiles, and sighs, and tears, are most irresistible, and when the look of an eye can startle the soul into a passion of love or hate, then it is that human nature must be studied—or it will remain unknown and hidden for ever—must be studied by every human being for himself, in the poetry and philosophy of Life ! as that life lies spread before us like a sea ! At first, like delighted, wondering, and fearful children, who keep gazing on the waves that are racing like living creatures from some far-off region to these their own lovely and beloved shores,—or still with unabated admiration, at morning, see the level sands yellowing far away, with bands of beautiful birds walking in the sun, or, having trimmed their snowy plumage, wheeling in their pastime, with many wild-mingled cries, in the glittering air,—with here—there—yonder some vessel seemingly stranded, and fallen helpless on her side, but waiting only for the tide to waken her from her rest, and again to waft her, on her re-expanded wings, away into the main ! Then, as the growing boy becomes more familiar with the ebb and the flow—with all the smiles and frowns on the aspect—all the low and sweet, all the loud and sullen, tones of the voice of the sea—in his doubled delight he loses half his dread, launches his own skiff, paddles with his own

oar, hoists his own little sail—and, ere long, impatient of the passion that devours him, the passion for the wonders and dangers that dwell on the great deep, on some day disappears from his birth-place and his parents' eyes, and, years afterwards, returns a thoughtful man from his voyaging round the globe!

Therefore, to know ourselves, we sought to penetrate into the souls of other men—to be with them in the very interior of their conscience, when they thought no eye was upon them but the eye of God. 'Twas no seclusion of the spirit within itself to take cognizance of its own acts and movements; but we were led over the fortunes and works of human beings wherever their minds have acted or their steps have trod.

Is it wonderful then that we, like other youths with a soul within them, mingled ourselves and our very being with the dark, bright, roaring, hushed, vast, beautiful, magnificent, guilty and glorious London!

What forbids us even now exultingly to say, that nature had not withheld from us the power of genial delight in all the creations of genius; and that she shrouded, as with a gorgeous canopy, our youth, with the beauty and magnificence of a million dreams? Lovely to our eyes was all the loveliness that emanated from more gifted spirits, and in the love with which we embraced it, it became our very own! We caught the shadows of high thoughts as they passed along the wall, reflected from the great minds meditating in the hallowed shade! And thenceforth they peopled our being! Nor haply did our own minds not originate some intellectual forms and combinations, in their newness fair, or august—recognized as the product of our own more elevated moods, although unarrayed, it might be, in words, or passing away with their symbols into oblivion, nor leaving a trace behind—only a sense of their transitory presence, consolatory and sublime!

Often do we vainly dream that Time works changes only by ages—by centuries! But who can tell what even

an hour may bring forth? Decay and destruction have “ample room and verge enough,” in such a City; and in one year they can do the work of many generations. This century is but young—scarcely hath it reached its prime. But since its first year rolled round the sun, how many towers and temples have in ever-changeful London “gone to the earth!” How many risen up whose “statures reach the sky!” Dead is the old King in his darkness, whom all England loved and revered. Princes have died, and some of them left not a name—mighty men of war have sunk, with all their victories and all their trophies, vainly deemed immortal, into oblivion!—Mute is the eloquence of Pitt’s and of Canning’s voice!—And thousands, unknown and unhonored, as wise, or brave, in themselves as good and as great as those whose temples fame hath crowned with everlasting halo, have dropt the body, and gone to God. How many thousand fairest faces, brightest eyes, have been extinguished and faded quite away! Fairer and brighter far to him whose youth they charmed and illumined, than any eyes that shall ever more gaze on the flowers of earth, or the stars of heaven!

Methinks the westering sun shines cooler in the garden—that the shades are somewhat deepened—that the birds are not hopping round our head, as they did some hour ago—that in their afternoon siesta they are mute. Another set of insects are in the air. The flowers, that erewhile were broad and bright awake, with slumbering eye are now hanging down their heads; and those that erewhile seemed to slumber, have awoke from their day-dreams, and look almost as if they were going to speak. Have you a language of your own—dear creatures—for we know that ye have loves? But hark, the Gong—the Gong! in the hand of John, smiting it like the slave of some Malay-chief. In our Paradise there is “fear that dinner cool,” mortal man must eat—and thus endeth “OUR MIDSUMMER-DAY’S DREAM.”

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

[The Ancients entertained an idea, that the Celestial Bodies emitted melodious sounds on their passage through the Heavens—every Planet and Star, according to this strange fiction, being accompanied by Music of its own creating.]

SOFT are your voices, O! ye spheres,
Even as the tones of other years—
Unheard, and yet remembered still,
'Mid gleams of joy or clouds of ill.
Why move ye on from day to day,
Scattering sweet sounds upon your way?

Wherefore those strains, like incense flung
By white-robed priest upon the wind,
Or music from an angel's tongue,

Whose echo lingers long behind,
And fills with calm delight our ears?
For such your murmurs are, O spheres!
Solemn your march, and far remote
The fairy region where ye float.
No human power your tones may catch,
No seraph voice their softness match—
Fancy alone, with listening ear,
Their echoing streams of sound can hear;
And thinks, as with enraptured eye
She marks your bright orbs sweep the sky,
To seize those notes which mortals deem
A fabulous unsubstantial dream.

But never, tuneful orbs, to me

Shall your strange music fable be.
I hear ye float on airy wing
Upon the genial breath of spring.
By you the pointed beams of light
Are wing'd with music on their flight.
On falling snow and cloulet dim
Your spirit floats—a holy hymn.
Methinks the South wind bears your song,
Blended with rich perfumes, along:
Even Silence with his leaden ear
Your mystic strain is forced to hear,
And Nature, as ye sail around
Her viewless realm, is fill'd with sound.
Such the wild dreams of airy thought
By Fancy to the poet taught.

Roll on, roll on, majestic spheres,
Through the long tide of coming years;
Voices to you of old were given
To sing your glorious path through heaven;
Voices to hail the dawn of light,
Voices to charm the ear of Night,
And make sweet music as ye stray
In Myriads through the milky way.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

CALM wakes the beauty of the vernal morn,
The small birds chirp amid the budding
trees;

But thou, lost sweet one, from our presence
torn,

Feel'st not the freshness of the genial
breeze.

The thoughts of thee are as a pleasant
dream,

Soft, soothing, holy, beautiful, and bright;
As of a star that sparkles o'er a stream,
Gemming the dewy coronal of night.

To see thee—was with raptured heart to
own

Angelic loveliness might blend with
earth;

To hear thee—was to feel there dwells a
tone

In sadness, more enchanting far than
mirth.

Thy pensive, snowy brow, thy glossy hair,
Thy soft carnation'd cheek, and hazel

eye,

Seem'd lent but to illumine a world of care,
And oh—to think that such a form could
die!

Closed is thy grave; we heard the doleful
knell,

When thou wast blooming in refulgent
youth;

We heard the warning of that passing
bell,

Which seem'd the dirge of Beauty, Hope,
and Truth.

We dreamt not thus that thou shouldst pass
away,

A lily opening to life's vernal sun;
That envious night should overcloud thy
day,

Ere half the sands of glad some youth
were run.

Thou need'st no stone; thy tablet is the
love

Of all who knew, remember thee, and
grieve;

Soft shine the sun thy simple turf above,
And sing the birds thereon from morn to
eve.

We see thee in the blue rekindling sky,
We see thee in the green that clothes the
tree;

We hear thee in the stream that murmurs
by;

In solitude and cities think of thee.

So shed thy looks a sanctifying balm,
That the far scenes awoke before our
eyes,

When sorrow was unfelt, and sunshine
calm,

Slept on the evening fields of paradise.

Farewell ! thou wast a flower that to the
 day,
 In beauty and in bloom, sweet perfume
 gave;
 A star that shone o'er earth with lucid
 ray;
 A white bird floating on the haleyon
 wave.

Farewell ! thy like again we may not know;
 Farewell ! to die untainted was thy lot ;

Farewell—farewell ; although we are below,
 And thou in Heaven, thou shalt not be
 forgot.

The blackbird singing, when the woods are
 mute ;
 The clear blue sky ; the blossom on the
 tree ;
 The tenderest breathing of the gentlest lute ;
 All things of pure and fair are types of
 thee !

FRIAR BACON'S KEY.

“THERE are two modes, in the present day, by which any one may get the name of a liberal man, and in the lottery of good things, I know few reputations more profitable. Be what you please, or do what you please, it matters little, so long as you have a character for generosity. This single virtue, or, what will do just as well, the appearance of it, will stand you in stead of all the other virtues ; it is a cloak to cover the inward nakedness, an umbrella to keep off the pitiless pelting of the storm when it is pouring somewhat too freely on the head of unworthiness. In short, what is it not, in the way of profit or defence, to the fortunate possessor ? Nor is the obtaining of it, by any means, as I have said, a difficult task to him who has a purse, the roads to it being an hundred fold—among the best, say, subscribing to some fund, where the money is not wanted ; or purchasing, at an enormous price, some works of art that you don't understand or care about, and setting up a museum. As to your children or relations, if you happen to have any, you need not waste a thought upon them ; for, as all you may do on their account is no more than what you *ought* to do, it cannot redound to the praise of your liberality ; and, therefore, you may as well leave it undone.”

Such was the advice of my friend Dives ; and, as it happened to chime in with my own notions of the truth, I resolved to send my poor relations to any one who might think proper to take them in ; while, in the meantime, I opened my “collecting” campaign in a celebrated auction-room at the

west-end of the town. The object I had selected for the foundation of my new character as a “patronizing man,” was a Venus or a Hercules, that Mr. C—— had to sell : the antiquarians could not decide which of the two characters above named properly belonged to it ; and no wonder, seeing that the god or goddess had been by time and accidents so reduced and shorn of its original properties, as to bear no bad resemblance to a milestone—saving only in its material, which, I can vouch, without being a connoisseur, to have been genuine marble. Such as it was, however, the fame of this mutilated sculpture had roused the whole body of antiquarians, equestrian and pedestrian, amateurs and professors. Anxious, at least, to be able to say I had bid for such a rarity, even though I should fail to win it, for want of that species of courage which, I opine, is the highest of all courage, namely, the courage to part with one's money, I hurried to the auction-room at an early hour, and found the orator already risen, and holding forth, with much eloquence and learning, upon a very equivocal as well as humble article. What that article was, I must not venture to say ; wanting the speaker's exquisite powers of periphrasis, which enabled him at once to veil and ennoble that subject, which, to say the truth, stood in need both of one assistance and the other. Indeed, as my friend Dives remarked to me in a whisper, the dapper, smooth-chinned gentleman, with his starched collar, his oily tongue, and still more oily face, looked the very genius of crockery, the born Apollo of Delft

and China-ware. But my mind was bent on higher matters, namely, on the Venus or Hercules, and I soon grew heartily sick of the tropes and smiles that buzzed about my ears like so many May-chaffers on a warm summer's evening. All the bidding and battling previous to the struggle for the precious statue, appeared as so much tedious prologue to the grand drama, or skirmishing, by way of prelude, to the grand engagement. But still, in spite of my disregard or contempt, I grew out of patience as the delay continued. First I tried my snuff-box—next I beat the devil's tattoo with my feet—next I grew hot—then hotter—then boiling hot—then red-hot—till by the time the orator had come to lot ninety-seven, an *antique key*, the fever had exhausted itself, and with itself, exhausted me; and the previous tension of the nerves was succeeded by a gentle inclination to drowsiness, which was only at all resisted or kept back by the unaccountable interest I all at once seemed to take in this old key. It was only a key, and old, and green as the copper sheathing of a vessel after a twelvemonth's voyage;—nothing more than an old-fashioned massive key, with a sliding ring in place of the fixed one that crowns the modern handle. But for all this I could not help listening as the price rose, and what was worse, bidding, though every "I thank you, Sir," of the auctioneer, sounded in my ears marvellously like, "well nibbled, gudgeon; take another snap, fool; the hook is not well in your gullet yet!"

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "this key is—a key—I mean a key katerochen—that is, ladies, par excellence,—the key of keys,—it can be traced up into the possession of the celebrated Friar Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder. Look at it, ladies and gentlemen,—smell it,—taste it." Here Mr. Fudge suited the action to the word, and, licking his lips, went on with an air of ineffable relish.—"Excellent! I protest it has the true antique relish—none of your modern rust, but the genuine tinge of the old-

en time. No one can be deceived in that matter."

"But are you quite sure it belonged to Friar Bacon?" asked a little limping antiquarian, who looked amongst men much as a turnspit does amongst dogs.—"But are you quite sure?"

"*Terque quaterque*," replied the orator.

"Because I don't buy for myself; I am only the lion's jackall, you know.—Ha! ha!"

"You may rely upon its being genuine," continued the orator, seeing the little man still hesitate, though half convinced by the Latin which he did not understand, and by his own joke of the jackall.—"You may rely upon its being genuine.—Allow me to say five guineas, just to begin with, though, I trust, we shall not stop short of a hundred."

The little man nodded.

"Thank you, Sir," said the orator, bowing.—"Five guineas, gentlemen, is bid for this rare piece of antiquity, this gem that has existed almost three hundred years."

"Nearer six," cried a young man, who stood near me,—"that is, if it belonged, as you say it did, to Roger Bacon, the monk of Brazen Nose."

Mr. Fudge colored up to his eyes at this unsolicited correction of his chronology; but, as it was his business to buy golden opinions of all men, he replied, with a bow and a smile—the two usual adjuncts, by the way, of all his replies—"Much obliged to you, Sir, for the correction.—Six hundred years old.—Will no lady or gentleman say any thing?—Going for five guineas.—Really it is a mere giving away of this valuable relic.—'Six,'—Thank you, Sir,—'Eight,'—Ten,—Twenty,—Twenty-five.' Twenty-five guineas are bid for Friar Bacon's key.—Going,—going,—going for only twenty-five guineas, and the treasure perfectly unique!—a rarity that has not its parallel!—We may suppose that this was the key of the monk's sanctum,—why should it not be!—of that celebrated chamber, of which the legend says it is to stand till entered by a greater scholar than Bacon, when it is

to fall on the devoted head of the student, and crush it for too much learning."

"Egad! Fudge goes beyond himself to-day," whispered Dives. "Was not that last a glorious bit of the sublime!"

"Magnificent!" I said, and so loudly that the orator overheard me, and replied to the compliment, as if to a bidding, with his customary "Much obliged, Sir.—Twenty-five guineas.—Going, for the last time, and the relic six hundred years old! Here is a gentleman vouches for its being six hundred years old."

"I vouch for no such thing," said my young neighbor, "I only answer for the friar's having been dead that time."

"Thank you, Sir,—much obliged for the correction," replied the smooth Mr. Fudge, who seemed as little able to travel out of his set phrases, as a horse to step beyond his tether.—

"Thirty,—forty,—fifty,—pray, be speedy, gentlemen, for we have a host of treasures to get through.—In one minute, *jacta est alea*, the die is cast.—Going for fifty guineas—gone—"

It was to myself that the key was knocked down at this enormous price, though why I had bid so much, or why I had bid for it at all, was a mystery past my own comprehension. I seemed to be acting under the power of some influence from without, independent of my own thoughts or my own volition. The key, however, was mine, and, being mine, I resolved to put a good face on the business, and elevate its worth in the eyes of others, whatever I might think of it myself. Accordingly I handled my bargain with as much reverence as if it had been the purest gold instead of an old piece of iron eaten up with rust and verdigris, throwing into my face a certain imposing air of mystery, which seemed to say, "there is more in this, my merry masters, than you have the wit to fancy." Whether I succeeded or not in persuading any one else by this manœuvre, is more than I can pretend to say, but that I persuaded myself of it—strange as this will appear—is quite certain. The longer I

examined my prize, the deeper became my conviction that there was something in it, if I could only find out what that something was. But *there* was the difficulty, which I could not contrive to get over, turn it which way I would. In short, I was much in the same plight with my friar's key that a savage of Otaheite would be, or rather would have been some years ago—he is wiser now—with a magic lantern, or a Dolland's microscope—good things enough in their way, if you only happen to know how to use them.

I fancy what I felt upon this occasion must have been expressed in my face, for the young man at my left hand, who had been, at such pains to correct the orator's chronology, adding three hundred and odd years to the time since Roger Bacon had flourished at Brazen Nose, now stepped up to enlighten me.

"You have got a prize, Sir," he said, "though you must excuse me if I suspect you are not acquainted with its value."

"That is to say," I replied, "you think yourself the better antiquarian."

"I do not profess to be an antiquarian at all," said the young man, "and if your purchase had no other value than its age, it would be, in my eyes, but a sorry bargain."

"And what other value can it have?" I exclaimed. "Why, if the old friar himself were alive again, with all his art and magic to help him, I doubt if he could find any thing in this key beyond a piece of rusty iron."

"Why then, Sir, your bargain has been a sorry one. But you are wrong. The key has an intrinsic value, such as no antiquarian would have discovered, had he pored over it for a hundred years in the way he usually considers such things. If you will dine with me when all is over,—for this is not the fittest place to talk of these matters,—I will show you how this little piece of iron, if wisely used, may be worth to you more gold—"

"More than I have paid?"

"More than is in the exchequer of princes."

Being somewhat of a saturnine temper, I have an antipathy to all jokes, whether practical or otherwise, and this wore the face of a very impudent one, yet I actually accepted his invitation. It is true, the young man had not the appearance of a joker; on the contrary, his aspect, both from its longitude and lugubriousness was such as a professional mourner (where such artists are in request) would have deemed a fortune. And this, with a strong mixture of curiosity on my part, determined me to run all the peril of a hoax; the thing on earth I usually most dreaded, even beyond a mad dog or a lawyer.

I pass over the rest of the auction, which had now little interest for me, not excepting even the Venus, for a Venus Mr. Fudge pronounced the stone to be; and, if some people were right in their surmises, he had better reason than any one to be positive on the subject, having himself, as they said, superintended the manufacture of the deity. I thought no longer of any thing but my meeting with the young man at the coffee-house he had named, and the explanation to grow out of it. When the time *did* come, how tedious did the dinner seem! It appeared to my fancy as if it would never be over, so monstrous was the appetite of my host or guest, or so enormous my impatience conceived it. But as all earthly things must have an end, so had our meal. The last plate was cleared away, the last crumb swept from the cloth, the cloth itself borne off under the arm of the waiter, and a magnum of port wine placed between us with the remains of a bottle of sherry from the dinner. Now it was that I ventured to speak out plainly on the subject, to which hitherto he had not made the slightest allusion; and, at my first question, "What were the hidden virtues of the key he had so much vaunted?" the whole man was immediately changed, as if I had touched him with the rod of Aaron!

"Sir," he said, "I am here to answer your question, and I will answer it; but it is right I warn you before-

hand, that my discourse will include things scarcely credible to men of this unbelieving age."

"Why, truly," I replied, "we have not such an excellent capacity of belief as our forefathers had, but still we can do pretty well upon occasion."

"Yes," said my guest, with a sneer; "you do not believe in ghosts—scarcely in a devil—but you do believe that a man's mental and moral qualities are regulated by the bumps on his skull—you do believe that ice ceases to be ice at the pole, and are even beginning to doubt shrewdly, whether you have souls; thus voluntarily abasing yourself from your high ranks, as things of immortal life, to the level of the brute beast—but let that pass, it concerns me not—and let me tell you in what consists the real value of that seemingly so worthless piece of iron."

"You would oblige me," I replied, "beyond measure. I am all impatience to hear the secret; and, as to the matter of belief, you will not, I fancy, find me a very hard customer, provided your goods wear any thing like the market stamp upon them."

"But it is strange," said my guest, in that low, emphatic tone, which strikes with such miraculous distinctness on the tympanum of an eager listener, "It is strange beyond the strangest wonder that science or history has yet recorded."

I was ready to burst with curiosity!

"This little piece of green rusty iron," he went on, "that, to judge from outward appearance, is hardly worth the trouble of picking from the ground, is—"

He paused again, and sipped his wine. In my heart I wished the port could be changed to salt and water; but I took care not to offend him by communicating this opinion.

"This key—and there are others, though not many, like it—commands the entrance to the central gardens of the earth; for this world is not quite what philosophers in their conceit have imagined it to be. If you have the courage to dare so far, in one hour you may be where gold and diamonds grow as thickly, aye, ten times more

thickly, than the daisies in a summer meadow."

Here he paused again, with a look that seemed to say—"Do you believe me?" and for my part I did not see any occasion to tell him it was a lie; it would not have been polite to one who carried, as he did, a stout oak cudgel, and looked as if he knew how to use it. So I contented myself with observing—"If this story be true—and I don't take upon myself to say it is not—there must be some deviltry at the bottom of it—some old signing of bonds in one's own blood—conveying a soul or so over to the old gentleman in black."

"You are a fool," replied my guest, tartly; "nothing more is required to the great end than courage to gain, and industry to gather. If you have these, you have all, and nothing will be demanded of you in return, though you should carry off a cart-load of treasure."

"But, my worthy counsellor in the art diabolic—for I must yet affirm, in spite of all you say, this has a strong relish of diabolus in it—"

"I tell you, no!" interrupted my guest, vehemently.

"Don't be angry for the matter," I said, "it is not worth it. But you must yourself own, that, if this key were the key of Paradise, it would be of marvellous little use to me, unless I knew where to find the gate it was intended to open."

"You speak well," he replied, pushing aside his glass, and taking out his watch. "The very time! day has just begun there.—Follow me!"

"You forget our account here—let us ring for the waiter first."

It is not needed; he is paid already."

"If that be the case, there is nothing more to be said; and I am at your service."

And off we set, arm-in-arm, diving through sundry blind alleys and crooked lanes, conspicuous alike for dirt and ragged children, till we at last emerged upon a wide street, that was as strange to me as if it had been one of the highways of ancient Babylon.

In the middle stood a solitary hackney-coach, with a pair of huge grey horses, or rather living skeletons of horses, for the celebrated "*anatomie vivante*" had not a better claim to the title than those semi-transparent animals; it was a marvel to me how they held together at all, and still more how they contrived to carry such long, handsome tails, which might have become the charger of a life-guardsman. On the box of the said coach sat a tall lean negro, well worthy to be the driver of such cattle. He had on a high, steeple-crowned hat, grey boots, grey pantaloons, that, to use the hostler's phrase, were spick and span new, and his beard, too, was grey,—not as in old age, with a silver tint, but approaching the color of ashes,—and, that nothing might be wanting to make a complete grey man of him, he wore a cloak of the same complexion. In my life I had never seen a more droll-looking Jehu.

"Co-ach-man!—co-ach-man!"—called my new friend, dwelling on every syllable as if he had got the asthma—"Co-ach-man!"

The grey man flourished his whip with a knowing wink, and a nod of the head, as much as to say, "I understand," and drove up to us in grand style, not leaving a hair's-breadth between his wheel and the curb-stone. In a second he had dismounted; slap went down the steps, and I found myself handed into the carriage almost before I was aware of it.

"Good evening, and a lucky journey to you," said my friend; "though you will find it morning where you are going."

The grey man hastily packed up the steps again, and slammed the door to.

"But, my excellent monitor," I exclaimed, "will not you,—stop, coachman—stop, I tell you." The rascal had one foot on the wheel already—"but, my very worthy counsellor, are not you going with me?"

"No occasion," he replied; "old Harry knows where to drive you to. He has gone with many before on the same road."

"Aye, aye, master," said the grey man; "I know the road well enough. It's a half-crown fare when I carry a mean one; and a good four shillings-worth when a gentleman steps into my coach."

I would have protested against venturing upon so singular a journey, unless accompanied by the proposer of it, but all my remonstrances were effectually drowned in the clatter of the coach, which now set off at a rate that I had not expected from the lean condition of the cattle. The pavement struck a continued stream of fire from their shoes, as we flew along through street after street, all apparently deserted, and all equally unknown to me, though, till this time, I had flattered myself there was not a single corner of London with which I was not as well acquainted as the horse of a doctor in high practice. A four-shilling fare!—the grey man had done himself less than justice; we had already travelled over ground to three times that amount, and were now clear of the city, clattering, like mad, down a steep hill, that led, of course, somewhere, though where I could not imagine. The farther we went, the higher grew the walls of earth on either side of the road, till at last, their height was such as to completely exclude the light of day. Before and behind me was night, yet still we flew on,—on,—on,—on,—till I began to think I had realized, in my own person, the idea of perpetual motion, and was destined to whirl along for the rest of my life like a comet revolving in its orbit. But herein I was happily mistaken. We did at last stop before an immense pair of folding-doors, of brass or some heavy metal, let into the solid rock, which latter was scraped out into the form of an arch. Above this stood two colossal figures, each holding in its brazen grasp a chafing dish, full of live embers, that threw a lurid light for a few yards round, just sufficient to show the inscription over it—"CARPE DIEM."

This little memorandum gave me no particular encouragement to pro-

ceed, but the grey man was not a person to allow any one too much time for reflection. With his usual expedition, he had handed me out of the coach, received his fare, and again mounted his box, before I had well made up my mind what to do.

"Stop a moment, coachman," I exclaimed, as he took up his whip, and was about to give it the preparatory flourish—"Just stop for a minute or so! Stop! I say,—I have a mind to go back with you."

"But I have no mind that you should. Tschick! tschick—gee-up, ho, lads!" He was gone.

What was to be done now? I might as well go on, since it seemed there was no way of getting back,—at least for the present,—so I applied my rusty old key to the ponderous lock before me, not a little doubtful, though, of the result; when, to my great surprise, it not only fitted exactly, but at the first touch of it the bolt shot from its fastening. The doors then swung slowly on their hinges, as if impelled by some invisible hand, and showed me a spacious hall of white marble, supported by columns of the same, and with windows, that, from the light streaming upon the pavement, must open into day, though all behind me, for many a mile, was utter darkness. I had little hesitation in entering a place of such fair promise, when the gates again closed after me, as they had opened, of their own accord: but this gave me little trouble, as I had carefully retained the key, and had, therefore, no occasion to fear the being detained against my will.

Boldly passing on through this noble hall, I suddenly found myself in a world,—for I may call a space so limitless a world,—that fairly struck me dumb with wonder. Above me was a crystal sky, brilliant with excess of light, although it had neither sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor any other visible source of so much splendor. Before me, and on both sides, as far as the eye could reach, was hill after hill, valley after valley, the soil of which was gold-dust, the rocks gold,

and the stones thickly set in it, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and all those gems to which the fancy of man has given an estimation. Thousands of human beings were busy, in all directions, with shovel and pick-axe, sweeping up the yellow dust, or rending the jewels from their beds of gold; and, indeed, the work must have been carried on for ages, for the ground was full of immense cavities, that appeared to have resulted from the mining after the treasures imbedded in it. Of the multitudes thus employed, some were young, and others old, but by far the greater part were no less burdened by their years than by the riches they had collected and stowed away in their pockets, to the great increase of their persons. What was still more singular, the aged were infinitely the most industrious. They scarcely allowed themselves time to eat or drink, so intent were they in adding to their loads, even when they were sinking under them; but the young, with a few exceptions only, took the matter much more easily; they would frequently leave a ruby or a sapphire ungathered, after they had nearly detached it from the rock, and leave some crafty old fellow to reap the benefit of their labor, while they stepped aside for no other purpose than to pluck some new flower that grew near them, or to indulge in the fruit, which, it must be owned, looked most deliciously.

While I was admiring this novel sight, with no little inclination to join in a labor so agreeable, I was accosted by a dark, portly man, who in dress and figure strongly resembled a Dutch burgomaster, when Holland was under the rule of Spaniards. In his right hand he carried a substantial cane, headed with ivory, such as rich men of a certain age are in the habit of carrying, more as a prop to their dignity than to their limbs. Though not so fat as a London alderman in full perfection, he yet had a waist of comfortable dimensions, which, as he was of the tallest, did not show so much amiss; and, indeed, he had no want of dignity, though it was not precisely

that kind which assimilates with the received notions of a king or a hero. He was too homely for the one character, and too fat for the other; for, notwithstanding the example of Napoleon, there is something peculiarly incongruous in the idea of a great waist and a great man. His complexion, however, was all that a novelist could wish for his hero, being so dark that it might well be called olive, and his dress was a rich, but sober-colored Spanish habit; so that, altogether, he had the appearance of a merchant of the olden time when merchants were princes.

"Well, Sir," said this portly figure, laying his hand condescendingly upon my shoulder,—"you are come, like the rest of them, to see what you can pick up in my gardens."

I thought it best not to tell a lie for the matter—that is, not a direct lie—for he had a terrible eye under his bushy brows; so I treated his question half in joke, half in earnest, saying that I might, perhaps, be tempted to pick up a few handfuls of dust, or some half-score of jewels, if I could be well assured that there were no steel traps or spring-guns set in his premises.

"For what do you take me?" said the portly gentleman, frowning.

"For the owner of this splendid estate," I replied, with a conciliatory bow.

"You are right," he said, "I am so, and if it were only for that word, you may gather a cart-load of diamonds, or gold, or whatever else happens best to tickle your fancy. How say you, friend: have you a mind to this gem?"

"Nothing," I replied, "would please me better—though—" for I did not yet feel convinced he was in earnest—"though I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience to rob you of such precious treasures."

"Treasures, quotha! Aye, that is one of the many fancies of you simple folks of the upper earth. But think so still for me; I shall the sooner get rid of the rubbish, which lies more thickly on the land than is

like to be good for my fruit trees. Here, Gobliner."

The being thus summoned, and who hastened to us at the call, was, as I imagined, a gnome, and this the kingdom of the gnomes, though, I must confess, the appearance of the portly gentleman was not that of a ruler of spirits. Gobliner, however, with his yellow face and long muscular arms, fully justified my suspicion.

"Gobliner," said the portly gentleman, "give this honest man a spade and pick-axe; he has taken a fancy to help in clearing off the stones for you."

"I am glad to hear it, master," said the gnome, "for they lie thicker this year than ever; for my part, I think they must grow like the carrots and turnips, only it may be not quite so fast."

"Bad philosophy, Gobliner," replied his master; "but give my friend here his tools, and e'en let him set to work as soon as he pleases."

I was accordingly furnished with the requisite implements, and was trotting off in a violent hurry to a very promising mass of rock, in which the diamonds were stuck like pins in a toilette cushion, when the portly gentleman again laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"Hark ye a moment, mine honest friend—there is yet one thing for you to learn—one little condition, before you begin your operations, for I like to deal on the square with the folks who come here."

My countenance fell in an instant. I thought directly of the devil and his old tricks, and had scarcely courage to falter out,—“Pray, Sir, what is this condition?”

"Oh, no great matter; it is only that folks are allowed but a single day in my grounds. Work away, therefore, as hard as you please till night-fall; dig gold and diamonds, or gather the fruits from the trees, or sit still without doing any thing, just as you think proper; it is all the same to me. But, remember, when you see the crystal above you clouded with a grey tint, as if a veil had been drawn over

it, then is our twilight, and, hard upon that, follows darkness, when you are like to be turned out, if you stay so long, with certain disagreeable accompaniments. I tell you this, that you may make the best use of your time, and not blame me afterwards if you should find your labor has been great and your pleasure little."

Thus saying, the portly gentleman strode off, with a patronizing nod, followed by Gobliner, who turned back from time to time, mocking at me with his long yellow hands, and chuckling with delight, as if he had some pleasant piece of mischief in view—pleasant, I mean, to himself—for I did not suspect him of too much good-nature. I had, however, little leisure to think of him. There were diamonds to be dug, and fruit to be gathered, for my mind was made up to neglect neither; though, as a prudent man, I resolved not to tickle my appetite till I had collected an ample supply of gold and precious stones. Even if this should occupy the day, what would that matter? When the twilight came on, it would be time enough to think of indulging myself—though, truth to say, the fruit looked tempting beyond measure, and the single taste I ventured on, by way of experiment, had a surpassing relish with it, that almost upset my resolution.

Such was the profusion of precious stones, glittering from the rocks on all sides, that I calculated on digging out as many as I could possibly want long before the darkness. But this was a grievous mistake, as I soon found out when I actually set to work. The greater part of the diamonds grew on the steep sides of precipices, not to be climbed without infinite peril to my neck; and those that were more within reach lay imbedded in rock that was harder than the hardest granite. Not that these difficulties deterred me from the labor; so far from it, I toiled with unabated diligence hour after hour, neglecting the delicious fruits which seemed ready to drop into my mouth, and, by the time of twilight, had got together a

tolerable parcel of the largest diamonds—not to speak of topazes, emeralds, and gold-dust. Even then I thought I might as well continue my work a little longer. The evening had, it is true, thrown a grey veil over the crystal sky; but who could say how long such a twilight would last? It might, for aught I knew, endure for hours; so that there would be still time to sit down and enjoy myself. On, therefore, I went, most gallantly, with spade and pick-axe, digging and hammering, rending and gathering, till I could absolutely work no longer; indeed, I could scarcely move hand or foot: the sky, too, grew darker and darker; and I began to think it would be as well to rest contented with what I had got, and enjoy myself while there was any twilight remaining. But here again I had reckoned without my host, or rather my passion for gold and diamonds had blinded me to all other considerations. Having wasted the day in such excessive toil, I was almost too weary to gather the fruit; and when I did reach any, the same feeling of fatigue rendered me incapable of enjoying it.

Night now unfolded her wings, and sank down in darkness upon the earth, like a vulture overshadowing the prey it has struck; and a deep bell, that seemed to be tolled in the very centre of the earth, sent a heavy summons to all that the day was over. At this signal, the plains and hills suddenly swarmed with gnomes, in face and figure the exact prototypes of Goblins, if indeed they did not—many of them, at least—deserve the palm of superior ugliness. These ferocious monsters were armed with whips, which they cracked with high glee about the ears of those who, like myself, had loitered to this late hour, driving us forward, as if we had been a flock of sheep, to the great hall. Wearied as I was, and with such beagles close upon my heels, it is no wonder that by degrees I lost the

whole of the precious burthen I had toiled so hard for. Diamond dropped after diamond, emerald after emerald, and, if I paused for an instant to pick up the fallen treasure, the lash of the gnomes soon reminded me that time was no longer at my own disposal. Indeed, I was often glad, when we came on the more broken parts of the ground, to fling away a portion of my load, dear as it was to me, that I might get on the more easily; and thus, in one way or the other, by the time I reached the hall, I had not a single sample left of all my treasure.

There was no occasion for the key to let me out: the great folding doors now stood wide open, the gnomes smacking their whips behind us, and the road before us being covered with vehicles of all kinds, from the proud coach and six, through all the intermediate degree of carriages and pair, demi-fortune, and gig, down to the humble hackney. Vexed beyond measure at my own folly in having thus wasted the whole day in fruitless toil, instead of enjoying myself, I jumped into the first vacant coach, and, holding out a crown-piece to the driver, bade him drive like fury. He took me at my word. Off we set at full gallop, with as little regard to our necks as might be; and as many of my neighbors, probably under the influence of the same feelings, were going at the same rate, I had no right to wonder at our vehicles coming in collision. Off flew the wheel—down smashed the coach; and I was thrown upon the hard road with so much violence that—awoke me! I was still in the auction-room, where, thanks to the eloquence of Mr. Fudge, I had been comfortably asleep for the last two hours. The Venus or Hercules was going.—“Nine hundred and eighty guineas are bid for this magnificent torso.”—“One thousand!” I cried.—“Thank you, Sir.—Going for one thousand guineas—gone!”

STANZAS.

'Tis for thee, my love, I raise the cup, for a parting health to thee,
And my sweet babe, thy image fair, who are so dear to me ;
To this loved home, wherein my heart in fancy oft will dwell,
Ye cherished three, to all and each, a tender fare-ye-well !

And yet, my Mary, first to thee my fondest thoughts are given,
Nor can fate more than part us thus, whose hearts are one in heaven ;
But God will cheer and comfort thee, when I am far from hence,
He knows thy gentle nature well,—our child's pure innocence !

Oh thou art fair as Beauty's self, thou hast its beaming eye,
Its chaste flush upon thy cheek, to shame the rose's dye ;
Its parting lips, its polish'd brow, with cluster'd ringlets fair,
Its jumpy waist, its angel form, its meek retiring air.

But these are graces which by mind's pure worth are far surpass'd ;
I met thee as an angel first, as such we'll part at last :
Each faultless feature, Love, was thine, but all I felt was given,
In these were traces of the earth, which kept thee back from heaven.

Farewell once more ; I dare not think, and only know that I
Must court this worthless world's false smile beneath another sky ;
But though my steps be chain'd, my love, my fancy will be free,
And oft will visit in its dreams this home, my child, and thee.

My Mary, couldst thou see this heart, thou'dst find engraven there
An image of thy gentle self ; a fond, fond husband's prayer :
The world is harsh, and thou art kind—is rude, and thou alone,
And thou, I fear, must weep, my love, must weep when I am gone !

But heaven will guard thee ; and this pledge, our young and beauteous boy,
Will serve to lead his mother's heart by tender hopes to joy ;
And a time is coming yet, when I will strain thee to my heart,—
An hour when we will meet again, and never more to part !

Yes, Mary, even through my tears, methinks afar I see
A quiet spot 'midst our native hills, a cottage on a lea :
The brawling of a stream is heard, the noise of humming bees,
The laugh of happy voices from a clump of neighboring trees !

A halo hovers o'er that spot—there's peace around, above ;
Contentment there is join'd in joy to ever faithful love :
There all they sought is found at length, and all they hoped is given,
They live for mutual bliss alone, and only wait for heaven !

TO "BEAUTY."

THE morn is up ! wake, Beauty, wake !
The flower is on the lea,
The blackbird sings within the brake,
The thrush is on the tree ;
Forth to the balmy field—repair,
And let the breezes mild
Lift from thy brow the falling hair,
And fan my little child—
Yet if thy step be 'mid the dews,
Beauty ! be sure to change your shoes !

'Tis noon ! the butterfly springs up,
High from her couch of rest,
And scorns the little blue-bell cup
Which all night long she press'd.
Away ! we'll seek the walnut's shade,

And pass the sunny hour,
The bee within the rose is laid,
And veils him in the flower ;
Mark not the lustre of his wing,
Beauty ! be careful of his sting !

'Tis eve ! but the retiring ray
A halo deigns to cast
Round scenes on which it shone all day,
And gilds them to the last ;
Thus, ere thine eyelids close in sleep,
Let Memory deign to flee
Far o'er the mountain and the deep,
To cast one beam on me !
Yes, Beauty ! 'tis mine inmost prayer—
But don't forget to curl your hair !

MORAL OF A ROSE-LEAF.

WHEN a daffadill I see,
 Hanging down his head t'wards me,
 Guesse I may what I must be :
 First, I shall decline my head ;
 Secondly, I shall be dead ;
 Lastly, safely buried.—HERRICK.

So sang a poet, whose writings bear all the ease and delicacy of "learned leisure," and yet betray his constant aptitude to moralize upon, and give a pithy turn to, matters in themselves frequently vulgar and of every day occurrence. His spirit appears to have been always on the watch to strike out a moral, or a pretty gleam of poetry, from even a pebble on the road-side. He would have worked the following touching paragraph into innumerable beauties, begetting "a hundred similes," and each a glittering coin for the exchequer of Apollo.

Amongst a great many miracles attributed to Abdul Radir Ghilan, the founder of the order of the Kalandi, is the following ; which, however, if it do not savor much of the miraculous, at least discovers an aptness and delicacy of imagination, not always to be found in the opium-loving Mahometan. It is related that Abdul Radir Ghilan, once coming to Babylon, to inhabit amongst the other superstitious persons and *santones* (a gross epicurean order) of that city, they hearing of his approach, went forth to meet him, one of them carrying in his hand a dish filled with water ; from whence they would infer, that as that dish was full to the brim, so as to be capable of containing no more, so their city was so replenished with learned and religious persons, that there was no place to receive him : whereupon our sagacious Abdul, being desirous of confuting this hieroglyphic, whereby they would excuse the courtesy of due hospitality, stretched his arms first towards heaven, and then bowed down and gathered a *rose-leaf*, which he laid on the water, then almost overflowing the dish. Now Abdul, by this piece of ingenuity not only con-

futed the parable of the churlish and sordid Babylonians, but also so impressed them with a sense of his greatness, that they registered the effort of Abdul as a miracle of wisdom, and, bringing him into their city with triumph, made him the superior of all their orders.

We might very reasonably make the above incident serve as an every-day memento—a record to spur us on to moral and intellectual cultivation. How frequently do we proceed more than half way towards the completion of a valuable undertaking, when, making a sudden halt, we think enough has been done, imagining further effort useless, and even impossible. Our endeavors, like the dish full of water, are rising to the brim ; they seem completed to overrunning, and yet they would bear something—a rose-leaf placed upon them would make our triumph most complete. Is it sufficient that we give excellent advice to those who "the primrose paths of dalliance tread," is it sufficient that we steep them to the very lips in apophthegm and moral exhortations ? No, there yet wants something to crown the labor—the rose-leaf of example. We may hastily pass an object of charity, and with our best wishes to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate, suffer not ourselves to take the trouble of retracing our path to confront the petitioner. Oh, what are charitable feelings, although overflowing the heart, unless they bear upon them something else than theoretical benevolence !—let us place upon them the odorous rose-leaf of practice. When the bigotry, the persecution, the uncharitableness of mankind is poured down upon some devoted head, let us not mingle in the overwhelming torrent, let us not add

to its strength, but yield up a sweet and cheering offering, the rose-leaf of compassion. When we feel ourselves sinking beneath the waters of affliction, let us not give ourselves, with reckless indifference, to the potency of that which oppresses us; but rather let the beauty and the perfume of Hope be seen in the rose-leaf upon the flood, a leaf in which our spirit may sail securely, although the lightning flashes from above, and the earth trembles from beneath.

We might pursue this subject to any length, without the fear of being charged with repetition, from a want of apt

similitudes. The matter is a most fertile and beautiful one; but we prefer it thus briefly, that it may excite useful reflection, rather than by a needless verbosity out-weary it. A simple stone, the record of a sentence, will sometimes awaken deeper attention than a gigantic edifice, and a finely-turned homily. The brief exhortation, "Remember thou art a man," must sometimes have reached, with greater force, the heart of the monarch of old, than if he had assembled his priests, his magii, and his soothsayers, to hold forth on the state of mortality, and on all earth's vanities.

CHARACTERS OF CONTEMPORARY FOREIGN AUTHORS AND STATESMEN.

NO. I.—LE VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND; PEER OF FRANCE, AND MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE ancients, who loved to find the marvellous in all the productions of nature, made theameleon the symbol of versatility. The moderns, going still farther, adopted the name of this reptile to express by a single word all sorts of infidelity, sycophancy, and change. The cameleon changes its color and form, almost instantaneously, according to the bodies by which it is surrounded. The cameleon was, therefore, the portrait of those persons who, in changing their color, do not wait till that of yesterday be thoroughly obliterated before they put on that of to-day. They are not

— off with the old love
Before they are on with the new.

Thus the most innocent of animals brought to mind the last degree of human baseness—thus the most inoffensive, the least ambitious of created beings beheld its name become the emblem of the apostacy of the Talleyrands, the Chabrols, the Cuviers, the Laplaces, the Soult, the Lauristons, and of that famous Chateaubriand, republican and philosopher at the beginning of his career, monarchical and Catholic in his maturity—Bonapartist under the empire, royalist after the

restoration—the friend of despotism when in power, the defender of liberty when in disgrace—and, according to the circumstances of the moment, forging weapons, in the *Journal des Débats*, for the independence of the people, or the despotism of kings.

Disturbed by a restless imagination, by a precocious taste for an adventurous life, it was "with delight" that Chateaubriand "wandered" over our globe. He traversed wide oceans—he dwelled in the hut of the savage, and in the palaces of kings—in the city and in the camp. A traveller in the plains of Greece, a pilgrim to the shrines of Jerusalem, he "seated himself on all sorts of ruins." He beheld the kingdom of Louis XVI. and the empire of Bonaparte pass away. He shared the exile of the Bourbons, and announced their return. "Two weights which seemed to be appended to his fortune" caused it successively to rise and sink in equal proportions. He is taken up—he is abandoned—he is taken up again;—stripped to-day, he is clothed to-morrow, for the purpose of being stripped again. Accustomed to these "squalls"—in whatever port he arrives, he considers himself as a navigator who will soon put to sea again,

who "makes no permanent establishment on land." Two hours, he tells us, were sufficient for him to quit the ministry, and to give up the keys of the official residence to his successor; and two hours will have been enough for him to make peace with the men who turned him out, and who now have appointed him ambassador to Rome.

Men gifted with a vivid imagination are more ready than others to throw themselves now into one party, now into another; and to disclaim to-morrow the opinion of to-day. They speak and write always rather under the inspiration of the moment, than from a matured and digested conviction concerning men and things. And what renders this versatility, in some sort, excusable, is, that they are always in earnest and good faith, for they are always the dupes of their imagination. Monsieur de Chateaubriand is one of these. He has said in his *Génie du Christianisme*, "that the history of great writers is to be found in their works;—that we paint well only our own heart, in attributing it to another—and that the best part of genius consists in its recollections." He has proved this truth by his own writings. His different works are full of the recollections of his life—they state, if they do not explain, the different metamorphoses of the noble Viscount; they are, so to speak, the "itinerary" of his history—the "diary" of his changing opinions—the picture of his "fluctuating" conduct, since the revolution.

The gloomy romance of *Réné*, in which are visible the character and some of the adventures of the author, is stamped with that spirit of mysticism which Chateaubriand manifested from his very earliest years. But, soon disgusted with the profession of the church, to which his mother destined him, he went to America. Here, he penetrated far into the immense solitudes of the New World. He "wandered with delight" in the majestic forests inhabited by the Natchez, and raised his style to the level of the grandeur of the pictures which unfolded themselves before his eyes. He

saw Washington; and "as there is virtue in the looks of a great man," he imbibed those principles of republicanism and philosophy which he afterwards developed in the work he published in London, during his emigration, under the title of "An Historical, Political and Moral Essay on Ancient and Modern Revolutions, considered with reference to the French Revolution." But "two voices having issued from the grave, a death, which became the interpreter of death, having stricken him," M. de Chateaubriand, like another Magdalen, repented—and became Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. He published the interesting episode of *Atala*, in the *Mercur*, of which he was one of the proprietors, "as a bait to seduce people to read the *Génie du Christianisme*," which appeared a year afterwards, when Bonaparte wished to make himself an absolute and most Christian king. The *Génie du Christianisme*, a mixture of some sublime parts with ridiculous and tedious disquisitions, obtained, at its first appearance, a prodigious success. Patronised and cried up to the skies by the booksellers, the blues, and the sentimentalists, M. de Chateaubriand became immediately a personage of importance. He celebrated "the man sent by Providence as a sign of reconciliation, when it was weary of punishing"—and "the man of Providence," then First Consul, chose the author of the *Christianisme* to accompany Cardinal Fesch, as Secretary of Embassy to the court of Rome.

Atala had been the foundation of M. de Chateaubriand's fortune; and, some time after his arrival at Rome, M. de Chateaubriand being godfather to a girl, gave her, in the spirit of gratitude, the name of *Atala*. It is said that the priest refused to baptise her by this name; that M. de Chateaubriand insisted with all the obstinacy of an author, and all the pride of an ambassador; and that he complained to the cardinal, who was of the opinion of the priest. It is further said that, in the course of the discussion, M. de Chateaubriand, indignant that such a difficulty should be raised, expressed

himself in a very free manner. "Between ourselves," he said to the cardinal, "your Eminence must know very well that there is but a slight difference between Atala and all the other female saints,"—a position in which the cardinal was far from coinciding.

This independence in matters of religion did not last long; and it was, doubtless, as an expiation of this sin against sacred things, that he who had proclaimed that "there was nothing beautiful, or good, or great in life except in things mysterious," took up the cross, and, a modern palatine, made, alone and penitent, a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Chateaubriand went by Italy and Greece, traversed Turkey, and arrived at Jerusalem towards the end of 1806. After having, in the course of his journey, had the honor of singing, "Ah! vous dirais-je, maman!" at the wedding of Mademoiselle Pengali, and the satisfaction of "flogging a Janissary," and "burning the moustache of a sophi with the priming of a pistol," he returned to his country laden with a dozen pebbles of Sparta, Argos, and Corinth, a chaplet, a little bottle of the water of the Jordan, a phial of that of the Dead Sea, some reeds gathered on the banks of the Nile, and the manuscript of his *Itinerary from Paris to Jerusalem*. In this work there are some magnificent descriptions, overlaid by a mass of adventures, some curious, but for the most part commonplace; by the side of pages of a pure and elegant style, are whole chapters of the merest gossiping; and great and just ideas are vitiated by paradoxes as anti-social, as anti-philosophical, and as anti-religious as the following:—"It is to the system of slavery that the superiority of the ancients over ourselves is to be attributed."

It was the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*, in which M. de Chateaubriand had inserted some sentences about military glory, which reconciled the great writer with the hero of the age; and which caused the latter to forget the noble indignation which the poet

had betrayed at the news of the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien. It also opened to the author of *Atala* the doors of the Academy, where he took his seat, insulting the memory of his predecessor, the illustrious and republican Chénier. But he had been also a somewhat severe censor of *Atala*, and a poet of wit, whose satire, "*Les Nouveaux Saints*," had, some years before, wounded the vanity, and disturbed the conscience, of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*.

It was when fortune seemed to be preparing to desert the banners of the man of the 18th Brumaire, that the new academician delivered his philippic against Chénier. In this audacious discourse, he dared, under the eyes of the despot, to discuss the restoration of the monarchy, and the trial of Louis XVI. Napoleon read the discourse, prohibited its publication, and, in his indignation, let fall these words, so characteristic of the dispositions of the fortunate soldier who then governed France. "Since when has the Institute allowed itself to become a political assembly? Let them make verses, and play the censors of the language, but let them not stir beyond the territory of the Muses, or I shall know well how to make them go back to it. If M. de Chateaubriand is mad, there are lunatic asylums to receive him. Are we, then, bandits, and am I only an usurper? I have dethroned no one. I picked up the crown from the kennel, and the people placed it upon my head. Let its acts be respected!"

The friends of M. de Chateaubriand were alarmed; and the poet himself, having read in these expressions the downfall of his brilliant future, devoted his services to the cause of legitimacy, which he had till then neglected, and to the triumph of which the disasters of Napoleon seemed to give some likelihood.

The composition, entitled *On Bonaparte and the Bourbons*, in which the fallen idol is torn to pieces without mercy, displayed Chateaubriand as one of the most devoted and ardent partisans of the government which fo-

reign bayonets had just imposed upon France. The pamphleteer was appointed Ambassador to Sweden; but his repugnance for illegitimates retained him at Paris. Napoleon reappeared. Chateaubriand fled to Ghent, in the capacity of minister to Louis XVIII. He returned to France after the battle of Waterloo; he ranged himself among the proscribers in the Chamber of Peers, and "requested the king to suspend the course of his inexhaustible clemency." He afterwards published his "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," with the manifest and avowed intention of arming against the royal authority all the doubtful persons who, by the ordinance of the 5th of September, 1816, had just reentered within the pale of the charter, and adopted ideas of amnesty and union.

This work cost the author a formal destitution; and the partisan of legitimacy throwing himself thenceforward into opposition, established the *Conservateur*, and, armed with that journal, into which, it has been said, "he crammed more eloquence than would have been sufficient for an ordinary man to earn a high name," he made war to the death against the ministry of Decazes, which he overset. He then took his seat in the council by the side of Villèle—excited the Spanish war—and was subsequently turned out by his colleague, as a "*garçon de bureau*." He next became liberal, and, in the *Journal des Débats*, attacked the triumvirate Villèle, Peyronnet, and Corbière, with a perseverance and talent little common; and, after three years' contest, having contributed to their fall, he laid down his arms, and passed anew into the ranks of aristocracy, upon being appointed Ambassador to Rome: upon having the dignity of councillor of state bestowed upon his two aides-de-camp, *Bertin de Vaux* and *Salvandy*; and after having stipulated for the payment by the ministry of a sum of 350,000 francs, as an indemnity for the expenses of the war—of which the illustrious Viscount pockets 280,000 francs, while his confidential secretary, M. Roux Laborie, has the remaining 70,000.

We have seen that, in politics, versatility is the staple feature of M. de Chateaubriand's character. He has divided his affections between the monarchy and the republic, the theocratic and the constitutional government. We have seen him pass from a seminary at St. Malo to the shores of the United States,—shed his blood at the siege of Thionville, under the banners of the emigration, and profess, at London, republican principles. We have seen him join Napoleon and quit him—and again join him to quit him again. We have seen him abjure the principles which he had proclaimed under the empire, in order to profit by those diametrically opposite after the restoration. It has been said, and we agree with it, "in politics, M. de Chateaubriand has no fixed principles, and is rather un*républicain manqué* than anything else."

Considered as a moral and religious writer, M. de Chateaubriand does not deserve either the excessive praise or the excessive blame that have been poured out upon him. At Rome, his *Génie du Christianisme* has been placed on the prohibited list, like *Emile* and *Candide*; and in the seminaries, where religion is treated so microscopically, they beheld in M. de Chateaubriand only a philosopher who was little of a theologian, who brought within the same poetical horizon the Venus and Virgin Mary—Jupiter and Jehovah. They counted up a thousand and twenty-three objectionable propositions in his book;—and those parallels between the Bible and Homer—that comparison between the scriptural Phædra and the pagan Dido—between the recognition of Joseph by his brethren, and of Penelope by her husband,—did not furnish to the Vatican bolts sufficient to crush them into dust.

In the salons of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, on the other hand, M. de Chateaubriand is held up as the moral writer *par excellence*. There, it has been overlooked that it is not quite according to morality to present to us in the *Mémoires sur le Duc de Berri*, his amorous weaknesses as an addi-

tional perfection in the character of a chivalrous Frenchman,—to tell us, in *Réné*, in the name of virtue and of the monarchy, the story of an incestuous brother, who casts the eye of guilt upon his sister; to delight in the description of the impurities of the infamous Heliogabalus; or to paint in the *Martyrs* the violent loves of Eudorus and the Druidess Velléda.

This last work, the *Martyrs*, is perhaps the least popular of all those which M. de Chateaubriand has published, and yet, to our taste, it is his chef-d'œuvre. Its plan is vast and well wrought out: it contains novel and ably-drawn characters; descriptions full of truth and beauty; a style frequently calling to mind the beautiful Homeric simplicity; bold images, and ideas, sometimes bordering on the fantastic, but still strictly those of a poet; a whole, in short, in which, as in the most part of M. de Chateaubriand's works, there is much to blame, but still more to admire. Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Klopstock, and the Bible, formed the sources of Chateaubriand's inspiration when he composed the *Martyrs*. He has not raised himself as high as his models; he often wants boldness, and often sinks to the character of a timid copyist. Influenced by French taste, he has failed in the daring, the terrible, and the grand, when he has come to the description of his Hell. There is neither majesty, nor rage, nor terror in the Infernal Council of the *Martyrs*. His demons, as compared with the Titans, who tried to scale Olympus,—with Satan, or Belzebub, bold enough to aim at dethroning the Eternal, are but a troop of pygmies before a race of giants, which, by the way, have acquired an immense height in passing from the hands of Homer into those of Milton. But that creation of the Demon of Homicide, which our poet owes solely to his own inspiration—who, with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other, stops over Rome, and gives the signal for the massacre of the Christians—the whole of that dreadful event—the scene in which an apostate Hebrew, standing on the ashes

of Nero, evokes the demon of tyranny to answer to the vows of the cruel and superstitious Hériocles;—these are compositions not short of magnificent, and worthy, in every respect, of the sublimity of the epopeia.

The *Martyrs*, notwithstanding their many blemishes, bear the impress of the greatest talent. A few of those strange expressions, and fantastic similes, with which Chénier reproached M. de Chateaubriand, signify but little. There are imagination, ideas, images, in his poem. We behold Rome, with all its glorious buildings, still erect—Naples, with its perfumes and its revels—Germany, with its mysterious forests—Greece, with its enchantments—Gaul, with its Druids—and the Gauls and the Franks bringing to their battles that savage and indomitable energy which belongs to barbarians. Like Voltaire, like Gibbon, like Pascal, Bacon, Corneille, Racine,—Chateaubriand has more than once taken the subject of his pictures from both ancient and modern authors. His *Voyage en Amérique* is full of thefts from the Pilgrimage in Europe and America of Beltrami. But these plagiarisms, and the blemishes of style with which we have reproached M. de Chateaubriand, cannot deprive that author of the first rank among the French prose-writers of the age. His imagination is as fertile as Nature herself, and his descriptions are as varied as the places he has visited, the opinions he has embraced, or the diversified passions which have agitated his tumultuous existence. It is easy, and it is right, to criticise the political variations of M. de Chateaubriand; one must lament such aberrations in a public man. But nothing but praises can rise to the lips when we think of the admirable pictures of new and uncultivated nature which we find in *Atala*—its tenderness, its pathos, and its passion;—of the superb parallel between Washington and Napoleon, inserted in his *Travels in America and Italy*;—of those touching scenes, so truly rendered, of the devotedness of a man of the desert to *Réné*—that unhappy

exile from the ancient world;—of that terrible picture of Héracles, sick, abandoned even by his slaves, received into their hospital by the very Christians who have been the objects of his cruel persecutions, and, at last, relieved in his agony by the same hand which had just bound up the wounds of a martyr;—of that awful description of the death of this impious and wicked man—his appearance before the tribunal of God, whom he has denied in Time, and whose face he will never more behold during Eternity—the intercession of his guardian angel—the silence of the guilty man, dumb through terror, for he has judged him-

self—the cries of the lost angels, who demand their prey—the judgment pronounced in Heaven—the fall of the Atheist, cast down into Hell, which yawns to receive him, and closes upon him, pronouncing the word “Eternity!”—the echo of the abyss as it repeats “Eternity!”—All these things cannot, we think, but be regarded in their various ways, as beauties touching, tender, terrible, and sublime. It is, we readily admit, foolish to cry up M. de Chateaubriand's compositions as anything approaching to faultless; but it is equally foolish, and unjust besides, to conceal or to deny his great, many, and very varied merits.

MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON'S POEMS.*

THE mind as well as the form of woman is more tender and delicate than that of man; and when, endowed with more than ordinary vigor, it expends its energies in poetry, it is generally more remarkable for minuteness and truth of painting. Sappho has excelled, in the delineation of love, all who have ever written; and it is perhaps not too much to suppose that, did all her works remain, we should find her equally powerful and correct in her descriptions of other feelings and passions. It is true that no modern poetess has hitherto produced anything comparable to the Sapphic fragments; nor is there any probability that, while the present poetical creed continues to be received, anything equal or similar will ever be given birth to: yet numerous lyrical and miscellaneous pieces, of great originality and beauty, have in our own day proceeded from the female pen. The reasons why ladies succeed in short fugitive pieces, and fail in longer efforts, are obvious enough: their own hearts furnish them with delicate sentiments, tender feelings, and pure thoughts; but their domestic life denies them that large experience of the world, which can alone furnish the materials of a great poem.

We love to linger over the excellent productions of the female mind. They seem to be redolent of beauty, and to be as soft as the bosom in which they were formed. Lovely faces appear to greet us with smiles as we turn over the pages; we become a woman's confidant, and learn, as from her own sweet lips, the secrets of her heart. It is true we do not see the lips move, or feel her breath, like a cloud of fragrant incense, floating about us; nor does the silver voice shower its delicious music into our ears: but we have her ideas, her most hidden thoughts, her most cherished feelings, clothed in the best language of which she is mistress. It is almost like receiving a letter from a beautiful woman at a distance; and we think of every woman as beautiful *per se*, whom we do not know to be otherwise; for, with us, woman and beauty are synonymous terms.

Many of the pieces which compose the volume now before us are distinguished by great chasteness both of thought and language, by pleasing and appropriate similes, natural metaphors, and very gentle pathos. A clever critic would immediately discover them, by their peculiar sweetness and deli-

* Poems, &c. By Mrs. G. G. Richardson. 12mo. Edinburgh and London, 1828.

cacy, to be from a female pen ; for the distinctions of sex really prevail in mind as well as in our physical nature. There is a vein of pious melancholy running through the whole volume, plainly indicating that the writer has had many sorrows to contend with ; but there is also a resignation, a reliance upon Providence, and a strong faith in the goodness of the Divinity, which more than counterbalance the effects of this gloom. The talent displayed in the poetry, indeed, is equalled throughout by the nobleness of the sentiments, the strength of affection, and the amiableness of character it exhibits.

In making our extracts we are puzzled what to select, many of the best of the short pieces having been already printed, and the longer poems being much *too long* for copying. We shall begin with four sweet lines from the first copy of verses in the volume :

"Beneath its shade to vagrant thought resign'd,
While zephyr's wings, dipp'd in the violet's dew,
Sweep by like dreams of bliss when life was new,
I rest from noontide cares my wearied mind."

As a very pretty natural picture we select

The Little Angler.

The summer morn was shining bright,
Inclining me to roam ;
Birds, trees, and sweet perfume invite
To ramble far from home.

At play, beside the dingle brook,
An urchin troop I spied ;
A thread and pin, his line and hook,
One tiny angler tried.

With ever-baffled toil to wile
The craftier minnow race,—
Fair, curly haired, blue eyed, a smile
Still winnowing o'er his face.

Playmates were jeering him, but no !
He would not be subdued ;
I watch'd him long, 'twas time to go—
My wanderings were pursued.

Full many a mile, the sun was high
When I this path retraced ;
There stood the little fisher-boy
Just where I left him placed.

Still, every throw fresh hope supplied,
And still the eager eye
Followed each ripple of the tide,
And still the prey shot by.

The gazer o'er that woodland scene,
Could rest upon no spot,
Where Nature's most enchanting sheen
Of loveliness was not ;

But eye, thought, fancy, all were spell'd
By that fair boy alone,
Still standing where I last beheld,
His every playmate gone ;

His minnow chase, his flashing smile,
Hopes baffled, ever new !
The ardor of his fruitless toil—
A faithful portrait drew !

"'Twas pretty though 'twas sad" to see
How artlessly he *play'd*
His future youth's sure history—
But deeper musing sway'd ;

Four years he scarce had number'd ; boy !
So persevering now,
Will good or ill, that *Will* employ
When manhood shades thy brow ?

We shall conclude our notice with
the following sadly pleasing verses :

St. Mary's Kirk-yard—Selkirkshire.

O lay me there, O lay me there,
When the blink is out now feebly lowing,*
Where naething stirs but the moorland air
The dead wi' wither'd leaves strowing !

I hae had eneuch o' stir and din—
I wad na be laid whar neebors gather !
There's peace, there's peace, by the lanely linn,
A bonny grave-bed is the heather.

St. Mary's loch lies shimmering still,
But St. Mary's Kirk-bell's lang dune ringing;
There's naething now but the grave-stane hull,
To tell o' a' their loud psalm-singing ;

The plover waits where gossips met,
And the fremit[†] curlew fearless hovers
Where the plighted trysting hour was set—
O where be now the blooming lovers !

And where be now the hopes and fears,
And the dowie,‡ and the merry, meeting ?
There's naething here but the morning's tears—
Aneth the mools§ there's nae mair greeting.||

A calm soughs¶ on the loch the now,
Where the waves were ance sic a warstle
keeping ;
And the lift** looks down wi' her bonny brow,
Like a mither watching bairnies sleeping.

O lay me there, O lay me there,
Where the dead in loneliness are lying—
I want nae dirge but the moorland air,
And rest, sweet rest, where nae are spying.

* Blazing.

† Stranger, not of kin.

‡ Heavy, sad.

§ Mould.

|| Weeping.

¶ Sighing sound.

** Sky.

ESSAYS ON PHYSIOLOGY, OR THE LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.

ESSAY I.—DIVISION OF NATURAL BODIES, AND GENERAL LAWS OF ORGANIC LIFE.

How delightful a task it is, to every well regulated mind, to investigate the wonders of nature? "To look through nature, up to nature's God," is indeed worthy the philosopher and Christian. In the workmanship of the Almighty, we behold, wherever we turn our eyes, boundless proofs of His wisdom and beneficence; and whatever part we make the subject of our study, in that we find ample cause for gratitude and praise.

Pre-eminent, however, among the works of creation, and affording to the contemplative inquirer the highest intellectual pleasure, is the race of beings animated and living. The animal frame is indeed an inexhaustible mine for research,—it forms of itself a world, through which the eye of science ranges with admiration, and regards with delight the wonders unfolded by the diligence of the inquirer.

If we consider the animal frame as it respects either its mechanism, or the curious and complicated structure composing it, or, diving more deeply into the mysteries of nature, endeavor to elucidate and explain the laws by which it is governed, we shall find more than sufficient to claim our attention, and excite our interest.

In essays on the present subject, adapted for general perusal, there are many difficulties to surmount,—some arising from its intricate nature,—and others from the necessity of avoiding, as much as possible, technical terms, which, granting they were universally understood, would afford clearer ideas than any other, of what is meant to be conveyed. Clearness and perspicuity, however, we shall endeavor to attain, and if any information be communicated, or a spirit of candid inquiry excited,—Reader! our wishes are satisfied!

All natural objects with which we are acquainted, and which constitute this globe and all upon its surface, are divided into *two distinct groups or*

families, viz. the *organic*, and the *inorganic*,—and these are distinguished by laws, which draw a marked line of separation between them, furnishing data, at once simple and positive, and enabling us to determine immediately to which family to refer any object we view. The *organic family* comprehends all bodies endued with vitality;—the *inorganic*, those not possessing this principle:—to the former group, therefore, belong *animals and plants*;—to the *latter*, all other bodies cognizable by our senses.

Animals are natural bodies, *organized, living, and sentient*. *Vegetables* are natural bodies, *organized and living*, but *not sentient*—*all other bodies* are *neither organized, nor living, nor sentient*. It is therefore to the laws of organic life, that our observations are to be confined.

The phenomena manifested by all organic bodies, result apparently from an inherent power,—a power innate in the structure of the body itself, and producing all the characters of animal and vegetable life. This power, whatever it may be, is generally termed the "*vital principle*;" but *vital principle* is an expression calculated only to cover our ignorance respecting the abstract nature of the cause of these phenomena, or effects, perpetually and uniformly associated to the structure of organic matter. This principle must, from its very essence, remain forever enveloped in mystery;—facts proclaim its existence, and with this we must rest content. We shall perhaps, however, be able to form a more accurate idea of what is implied by the term, "*vital principle*," and consequently of the distinction between organic and inorganic matter, by a more close comparison of these two families.

Inorganic matter is simple in its form, without fixed shape or determinate parts, and homogeneous in its composition. Incapable of growth,

or of increasing by powers within itself, each particle, endued with a vis inertiae, (if the phrase be allowable,) exists unchanged, and unchanging, except by foreign agents, mechanical or chemical. Each part, too, of an inorganic mass, is independent of the other parts, to which it is united only by the force of affinity or aggregation; and when such a part is separated from the rest, it differs only in size from the mass to which it no longer adheres.

On the contrary, organized beings have *fixed, determinate, and essential parts*;—their mechanism is complicated, and consists of an union of solids and fluids;—indeed, this union of solids and fluids is essential to the constitution of organic matter. Inorganic matter, it is true, is penetrated by water, but this does not form a necessary and essential part; nor can the water of crystallization be adduced as forming, in its chemical relationship to a salt, a union similar to that existing between the solids and fluids of organic bodies. The state, too, of *organic* bodies, is constantly varying, either by the accession and assimilation of fresh parts, or by the change and removal of others; and these operations are carried on by powers innate in the being itself. Besides, organic bodies, without the intervention of foreign chemical or mechanical agents, have only a *limited period of organic existence*; or, in other words, these powers after continuing for an indefinite period in activity, cease. The body, no longer endowed with organic life, by a peculiar process becomes decomposed; the nature of its elementary principles is changed; it no longer maintains its definite form, but becomes in fact inorganic matter. Having touched upon the points in which the characteristic differences of organic and inorganic bodies consist, let us direct our attention more particularly to the results of the vital principle, or, in other words, to the phenomena manifested by organic life.

There exists, then, as we have previously pointed out, in the embryo of

every plant or animal, from the first moment of its being, however minute, however inactive, a *power* capable of developing, in succession, the destined phenomena of life. Hence, the plant or animal is enabled to attract, to appropriate, and assimilate particles of extraneous matter, thereby not only increasing in magnitude, but at the same time communicating to those very particles a power before unpossessed. Nor is this all; the work of addition and assimilation is not alone carried on, but particles, originally a portion of the organic frame, are thrown off, and losing the essential characters of vitality, are rendered simply inorganic. But to the agency of this *power*, there are certain bounds and laws, by which it is confined, and directed in its course and results. These are *Magnitude, Form, Structure, Composition, and Duration*.

With respect to *Magnitude*, it is to be observed, that both in plants and animals, there are certain restrictions to each particular species. As a sample of its kind, a determinate size is allotted, and although, perhaps, one animal may be somewhat larger than another of the same species, or one tree somewhat taller than another, still, this forms no objection. For example, the dog equals not in size the elephant, nor will the rose ever attain to the magnitude of the oak; there are limits beyond which they never pass, limits to which the gigantic elephant and the fluttering insect, the towering cedar and the humble violet, are equally restricted. To this determinate magnitude, animals and plants arrive by a growth slow or rapid, according to species or influencing circumstances, and, having attained it, remain for a certain period stationary. There is, also, between every part—between the stem and the roots, the limbs and the trunk—a due and relative proportion.

But as it regards *Form* also, as well as magnitude, there is given to every species a definite rule. Hence, by its external characters, an animal or a plant may at once be recognized, or assigned to its respective order or ge-

nus ;—for individual variations, it will be recollected, are merely trivial, and interfere not with the general plan ; and although many organized beings undergo in various stages of their existence a variety of changes in size and figure, yet these, however complicated or numerous, are fixed and determinate, and all pave the way for the assumption of the destined forms of the individual. Hence, may we predict with certainty, that from the small egg of the moth, or butterfly, shall burst forth the destructive caterpillar, that this in turn shall appear a dormant chrysalis, and this, in due season, throwing off the shroud that envelopes it, come forth in elegance and beauty, and beat with new-found wings the summer air, and flit from flower to flower.

With respect to *Structure*, also, the same restrictions, and the same regulations, are in force ; and to every species its peculiar and appropriate structure is allotted ; thus, as it is well observed by an eminent author, “the germ of the palm-tree is destined to produce a stem, which shall increase by the addition of matter on its central aspect, and the nerves or fibres of whose leaves shall be arranged nearly in straight lines ; the germ of the oak is, on the other hand, destined to construct a trunk which shall increase in size by the addition of layers to its circumference, and the nerves of whose leaves shall exhibit a reticular arrangement.” In like manner the animal tribes are under similar regulations. All the individuals of the same species exhibit a sameness in plan, a similarity in their various organs, differing more or less, according to their affinity, from the individuals of other species. There is, in short, in each species, a power, capable of producing the modes of that species, and incapable of producing those of any other ; witness, for instance, the difference between the arrangement and construction, appearance and flavor, of the muscles of carnivorous animals, as the wolf, and those of the ox,—between those, again, of the ox and the horse, or the fowl.

With regard to *Composition*, it is to be observed, that the power which organic bodies possess of attracting and assimilating particles of extraneous matter, is not indiscriminate. They have a power to refuse as well as to accept ; and by some unknown and wonderful means, which set the laws of chemistry at defiance, to effect even a complete conversion of the appropriated materials. How happens it, that two plants, nourished by the same soil, the same water, the same air, should prove, the one wholesome, grateful, and nutritious—the other, a poison to man ? The vine and the nightshade may mingle their roots together, but each preserves its identity ; the one will still yield its cooling luscious clusters, delightful to the eye and the taste,—the other, its berries loaded with sickness and destruction. This plant shall contain iron,—that flint ; yet neither in the soil from which they spring, nor in the water that nourishes them, nor in the air around them, shall a trace of such be found. Among animals, too, the same laws exist—one will feed on a plant with impunity, which causes the death of another. For example, the goat devours the water-hemlock with avidity,—the horse and sheep eat it with impunity, but to the cow it is a certain poison.

In the organic frame, this power of selection and conversion is exerted even on portions of its own composition. From the same circulating fluid are secreted (that is, separated and prepared,) the solid bones,—the muscles with their strength and elasticity,—the firm inelastic sinew,—the lucid humors of the eye,—in short, every part and portion of the structure. The red blood, generally supposed to owe its color to the presence of iron, is supplied, as drained off for the purposes of life, by the chyle, (a milky fluid, the result of the process of digestion,) in which no metallic traces can be discovered.

The organic frame, then, is a laboratory, in which chemical operations the most delicate, the most intricate, the most unaccountable, are continu-

ally carried on. By these means, the *magnitude*, the *form*, the *structure*, and the *composition* of every plant, and every animal, is unfolded, perfected, and maintained.

But to the *Duration* of organic life there are limits, and this power is restricted, in its action, to a determinate period. In all organic structures there arrives a time when perfection is attained, but this state does not endure long. The power which produced it, having accomplished its end, declines in activity, and languidly carries on its operations, till at length, as if wearied out, it ceases altogether; the spark of vitality is extinguished; external chemical agents begin to act upon the body, and decompose its structure; and sooner or later it loses all trace of its original form and character;—this is Death.

The natural term, however, for the duration or life of organic bodies, differs widely in different species. Plants, on the aggregate, perhaps, endure longer than animals, (for the periodical decay of stem or leaves supposes not the identity of the individual to

be changed,) but here there is much variety. The mushroom springs up and withers in a day, but the massive oak braves the ravages of centuries. The elephant and the eagle outlive ages,—but the butterfly, frail being of a summer's day, perishes ere many hours have passed; and the ephemera, having undergone its peculiar changes, creeps from the water, its previous element, flutters its wing, and dies with the setting sun. But all are liable to accidents and disease, by which innumerable beings are cut off ere nature's term be fulfilled; and of all, *man*, from these causes, is, in this frail tenure, the least secure. Enervated by refinement,—attacked by disease,—enslaved by passions, which corrode the springs of life, and exhaust its active energies, mankind perish from infancy to age; Death is ever near—

"For see! how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train;
Ah! shew them, where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band;
Ah! tell them, they are *men*." GRAY.

PICTURE DABBLING.

ENGLISHMEN, on their travels, think themselves bound to buy pictures, that, when they return, they may be considered amateurs; but having generally neither eye nor taste, they become dupes. I knew an unfortunate victim, who, by speculating in pictures, of which he had not the smallest knowledge, completely ruined himself. He had been paymaster to a regiment of the German Legion in Sicily, and during a service of fifteen years had, by economy, realized four or five thousand pounds. It is hardly credible that a man, with a certain knowledge of the world and fully aware of the value of money, should risk his hard-earned gains by dealing in a commodity of which he was totally ignorant. With this propensity he unluckily made the acquaintance of the Marquis S—, a Sicilian noble, who, under pre-

tence that a valuable gallery, which had belonged to his family for several ages was, from the pressure of the times, to be disposed of, gulled our silly countryman into becoming the purchaser of two hundred original pictures, the undoubted works of the great Italian masters. More than one Raphael, Domenichino, Titiano, Guido, Carlo Dolce, &c. &c. &c. were warranted as genuine—the first connoisseurs in the island had pronounced judgment on them. The Marchese (*poveretto*!) to save a dear brother from ruin, had made a great sacrifice, but he rejoiced that his heir-looms, the precious collection of the S— family had fallen into the hands of an Inglese, and a man of taste, &c. The tale was swallowed, and three thousand ounces (2,000*l*.) were paid down—*argent comptant*! Our ama-

teur was invited to a grand dinner given on the occasion. Another noble dealer and chapman now made his appearance on the stage; a somewhat similar story was got up, and again succeeded! In a few months our paymaster discovered that his means were nearly exhausted, and he stopped short after he had at the very trifling disbursement of 3,700*l.* sterling, possessed himself of as many precious pictures as there are days in the year! They were consigned to his agent in London, who finding that the duties would be 1,700*l.* more, consulted a dealer, and was informed that the collection was not worth so many pence! It was therefore determined to export

the precious cargo to a foreign market, and Brussels was chosen as a *dépôt*, where there was abundance of English gulls; but, alas! none proved amateurs; and, after a few years, the entire collection, consisting of three hundred and sixty-six pictures of the Italian school, was brought to the hammer in the market-place! When the expenses of the sale were paid, there remained to the proprietor a balance of 245 francs; warehouse-room, duties, freight, &c., of the cases from England, having amounted to as many pounds. The history of the arts does not afford such an example of folly as this, which occurred only a few years ago.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

A *PELISSE* of plain white jaconet muslin, with a simple broad hem at the border. The body, *en gerbe*, and the waist encircled by a cambric belt. Sleeves, *en gigot*, very wide, and terminating at the wrists by antique stiffened points of cambric, surrounded by a quilling of thread *tulle*. *Pelerine*, the same as the *pelisse*, edged round with a double frill trimming, laid in very small plaits, and surmounted by a broad stiffened ruff of clear muslin, which is divided by a blue silk *sautoir*, richly brocaded at the ends, in various colors. The hair is arranged in very full clusters on each side of the face.

When this dress is worn at the morning promenade, a white chip hat is added, trimmed with very broad white ribbon, striped with blue and scarlet, and an ornament on the crown of blue gauze spotted with scarlet and yellow. The strings float loose. The slippers worn with this dress are of bronze kid, tied *en sandales*. The gloves are of yellow kid.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

A dress of azure-blue taffety, finished at the border by a broad hem, headed by two very narrow pointed

flounces, falling over each other, and forming a kind of *râche*: the points are bound with blue satin, of a shade darker than the dress, and headed by a narrow *rouleau* of the same. The *corsage* is *à l'Enfante*, and is confined round the waist by an elastic belt of blue silk, fastened in front, by a buckle of gilt bronze. Sleeves, *à la Marie*, the fulness confined at intervals by bands of blue silk, with a very broad cuff at the wrist, and gilt bronze bracelets, fastened by an onyx brooch. A pointed *pelerine* of *tulle* is worn over this dress, trimmed round with blond, and fastened in front of the throat by a rosette of white ribbon, edged with blue. A hat of Tuscan grass, lined with azure-blue, and trimmed with white ribbon, edged with blue; and a bunch of blue-bells, placed on the right side of the crown. Parasol of Egyptian-sand-color, and boots of kid of the same color.

Explanation of the Prints of the Fashions.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape, beautifully embroidered in various colors, forming a broad border, on a hem which turns back, with points at the edge, finished

by a narrow *rouleau* of white satin. The embroidery consists of beautiful wreaths of, natural flowers, falling in elegantly drooping branches, from one continued wreath, just beneath the points above described. The *corsage* is *à la Sévigné*, and is of white *gros de Naples*, with crape drapery across the bust, which is drawn together in the centre by an antique brooch of jewellery, formed of gold rubies, and turquoise stones. The sleeves, though they are *à la Marie*, come only just below the elbow, where they terminate in a double ruffle of blond.

A *béret* of gauze constitutes the head-dress, which is white, with spots of ruby, and of emerald-green. *Aigrettes* of feathers, of the same colors, are tastefully disposed on the *béret*, as ornaments. The ear-rings are of rubies, and the necklace is of very delicate chain-work of gold, in festoons, which are each caught up, alternately, by a ruby and a turquoise stone. The bracelets are of gold, fastened by a large turquoise, set round with fillagree gold.

WALKING COSTUME.

A dress of celestial-blue *batiste*, with a very broad hem at the border,

surmounted by a pattern of very dark-colored flowers and foliage. Over this is worn a white muslin *canezou-spencer*, with sleeves *à la Marie*; the fulness confined at equal distances, and the sleeve terminating by a very broad cuff, with a row of small buttons placed on in bias on the outside of the arm; at the throat is a very full, stiffened French ruff of clear muslin, and a kind of *sautoir*, formed by a broad ribbon, painted in various colors on a white ground, and bound with blue. An Ester-hazy-colored bonnet of *Gros de Naples*, trimmed with pale pink ribbon. Shoes of black kid, with gaiters the color of the dress.

A CHILD'S DRESS.

A short frock of pink striped gingham, over a pair of cambric pantaloons, double frilled, with broad muslin round the ankles; the frills richly embroidered at the edges. Very full sleeves at the upper part of the arm, and fitting close below the elbow. A round pelerine, fastening behind, is frilled all round, and surmounted by a ruff. A small silk *sautoir* divides the pelerine from the ruff. Round hat, of fine straw, lined with pink, and trimmed with pink and white ribbons.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

"Serene Philosophy!"

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear."

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

VERY few great discoveries have been made by chance and by ignorant persons—much fewer than is generally supposed. It is commonly told of the steam-engine that an idle boy being employed to stop and open a valve, saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending and watching it, by fixing a plug upon a part of the machine which came to the place at the proper times, in consequence of the general movement. This is possible, no doubt; though nothing very

certain is known respecting the origin of the story; but improvements of any value are very seldom indeed so easily found out, and hardly another instance can be named of important discoveries so purely accidental. They are generally made by persons of competent knowledge, and who are in search of them. The improvements of the steam-engine by Watt resulted from the most learned investigation of mathematical, mechanical, and chemical truths. Arkwright devoted many years, five at the least, to his invention of Spinning jen-

nies, and he was a man perfectly conversant in everything that relates to the construction of machinery: he had minutely examined it, and knew the effects of each part, though he had not received anything like a scientific education. If he had, we should in all probability have been indebted to him for scientific discoveries as well as practical improvements. The most beautiful and useful invention of late times, the Safety-lamp, was the reward of a series of philosophical experiments made by one thoroughly skilled in every branch of chemical science. The new process of refining sugar, by which more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from an invention, was discovered by a most accomplished chemist, and was the fruit of a long course of experiments, in the progress of which, known philosophical principles were constantly applied, and one or two new principles ascertained.

GURNEY'S STEAM COACH.

This beautiful specimen of mechanical invention appears at length to be brought to a state of perfection, beyond which we hardly think it possible to make any essential improvement. We had lately an opportunity of witnessing the operation of this machine through the Albany-road, and streets adjacent to the Regent's Park; and we should say its progress could not have been less than at the rate of 12 miles per hour; and in some part of the road, where the rain had not rendered the gravel extremely heavy, the speed of the carriage could not have been less than 14 miles an hour. From the late improvements made by Mr. Gurney with the view of producing a uniform supply of water to the boiler, (or rather the steam-generating pipes); and also in order to produce a regular *blower* or current of air through the fire chamber, the difficulties which presented themselves in the earlier stages of the invention to maintain an adequate supply of steam, appear to be completely obviated.

To persons not acquainted with the

numerous difficulties which present themselves in bringing into full operation such a complicated piece of machinery, it would be difficult to convey an adequate opinion of the merits of this invention. We have from time to time examined its progress in detail; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the arrangement by which the supply of water to the steam-pipes is effected by Mr. Gurney, is one of the most beautiful specimens of ingenuity we have ever witnessed, among all the curious applications of the steam-engine, either for stationary purposes, or for propelling vessels. The difficulties are almost insuperable, in order to reconcile the necessary power required for propelling a carriage of this kind, with the prejudices or fashion which prevails, with regard to the appearance of a stage-coach. The necessity of consulting appearances has, in fact, greatly added to the difficulties of bringing this invention to perfection, as a vehicle for passengers. But it appears to us that the ingenious inventor has at length vanquished all his obstacles, both with regard to maintaining a uniform speed, at discretion, of at least 10 or 11 miles an hour; and, from having the centre of gravity below the horizontal line of the axles, the risk of overturning seems to be entirely obviated.

We understand a carriage will be completed to carry passengers, in the environs of London, in three weeks or a month from the present time. Taking into consideration the perfect control of the engine, and the uniformity with which it is now capable of being managed by an ordinary conductor, we should say there was scarcely a possibility of its not ultimately superseding the use of horses in running four-wheel carriages, for the conveyance both of goods and passengers. We believe it is estimated that the expense of conveyance may be reduced to one-half or two-thirds of the present average charge of stage-coaches.

SALT AS A MANURE.

Mr. Brande, in his recent Lecture on Vegetable Chemistry, says, "Salt

has been very much extolled for a manure ; I believe that a great deal more has been said of it than it deserves ; it certainly destroys insects, but I do not believe what has been said of its value. We are not to infer that because a manure is found to be useful on one soil in a certain climate, that it shall prove equally useful in others ; experience must direct us in this particular.

MUSHROOMS, POISONOUS AND INNOCENT.

A student of medicine at Paris, M. Letellier, has just published a work containing descriptions of edible and deleterious mushrooms, with lithographic figures done by himself. It would appear that M. Letellier tested the qualities of all the mushrooms which he has described by eating of them himself, taking care to note, with *impassible sang-froid*, all the circumstances of pain and other effects produced. We cannot but look upon such dangerous experiments with productions of this class as a very unwarrantable sporting with health, if not with life.

AN ASTRONOMER'S DREAM.

Kepler, in his "Somnium Astronomicum," imagines the planets to be huge animals swimming round the sun by means of fins, which act on the etherial fluid as those of fishes do on water. Their regular periods of revolution, of course, will be somewhat on the same principle with the annual visits which the herring, &c. pays to our shores. Lucretius was not much nearer the truth when he called them the flaming walls of the world,—*"flammantia mœnia mundi."*

BLIGHT IN FRUIT TREES.

Whenever you see the branch of a tree blighted, or eaten by insects, procure a shoemaker's awl, and pierce the lower extremity of the branch into the wood ; then pour in two or three drops of crude mercury, (which is the quicksilver in common use) and stop up the hole with a small stick. In about forty-eight hours, the insects not only upon that branch, but upon all the rest

of the tree, will be destroyed, and the blights will immediately cease.

UTILITY OF STORMS.

Dr. Huxham, in reference to epidemic diseases, remarks, that he often observed them abate greatly, both in their number and violence, after stormy and heavy rains, the contagious effluvia and morbid congestions of the atmosphere being thus dispersed. In this way, he continues, even tempests themselves very frequently prove salutary, stagnant air being, no less than stagnant water, liable to corruption, unless often put into motion. The salubrity occasioned by the agitation of the air, which is more general, perhaps, on the sea-coast, than in any other situation, was noticed with great interest by the ancients. Augustus Cæsar was so strongly impressed with its beneficial influence, that he built and dedicated a temple to Circius, a wind so powerful that it frequently blew down the houses of the people. The inhabitants of Gaul, also, as Seneca informs us, gave public thanks to this exceedingly tempestuous wind, in consequence of its clearing the atmosphere and rendering it healthful.

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

If we compare the map of these countries but ten years ago with that which now exists, we shall see at one glance how much geography has been benefited from these arctic voyages. We now, for the first time, have obtained undeniable proof that the great continent of America is insulated, and that the idea of its being joined to that of Asia by a slip across Behring's Strait, like the bridge of a pair of spectacles, as some Germans, and our countryman, Admiral Burney, would have it, is destitute of all foundation. We now know, that, from Behring's Strait to the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, this northern coast of America presents an undulating line, whose extreme latitudes extend from about 67 to 71 deg.; and that it is indented by many good harbors and large rivers : whereas, before Franklin's expedi-

tions, the maps had no line of coast, but only two points, one of which was erroneously laid down, and the other doubtful; the rivers and lakes were drawn *ad libitum*, which are now placed, the former in their proper directions, and the latter in true shapes and dimensions. —

THE COMET OF 1832 (DAMOISEAU'S).

Some mischievous wag has been terrifying the old women, as well in petticoats as without, both in this country and on the continent, with fearful prognostications of the destruction of the world in the year 1832, by a ballistic visitation from a comet—

the one of which the elements were determined by Damoiseau, whose name it bears, and the periodic time of which is 6.75 years. It is almost needless to say, that from this body there can exist no rational cause of apprehension; at its nearest approach to the earth it will be more than 44 millions of miles distant from it, and might approach millions of miles nearer without occasioning any serious consequences. In 1770, a comet approached within 2,062,500 miles. Lalande estimates at 35,750 miles the distance at which a comet might produce upon the earth any sensible effect.

VARIETIES.

“Come, let us stray
Where Chance or Fancy leads our roving walk.”

CANINE SMUGGLERS.

ILLICIT traffic is carried on to a great extent in the department of the Rhine by dogs educated for that purpose. In the district of the Sarreguemines alone, from March 1827 to March in the present year, 58,277 dogs crossed the Rhine on this unlawful pursuit. Of these, 2,477 lost their lives in the adventure; but the remaining 55,800 got clear off with their spoil, barking a hoarse laugh at the custom-house officers. It is supposed that they carried with them 140,000 kilogrammes of contraband goods.

LE KAIN.

Le Kain was the ugliest player on the French stage. The actresses, of course, were all his enemies; and, at his début, the boxes turned a look of disgust on his disagreeable face and ungainly figure. The young actor, filled with the courage of despair, resolved to play *Orosmane* before the court, and at once decide his fate. The audience, prevented perhaps by etiquette from expressing their disdain, became gradually accustomed to his appearance; and the first act was scarcely over when his destiny was indeed fixed. He had thrown him-

self headlong into the passion of the scene, opened his way with irresistible force to the heart, and became beautiful with genius and sensibility. Louis XV. wept—“albeit unused to the melting mood;” and the ugly Le Kain was from that day acknowledged to be the most profound and pathetic actor on the French stage.

BAD MANAGEMENT.

In the prison at Ghent, spirits are sold, but pens and paper cannot be obtained without a special application to the governor.

DR. CHANNING'S REMARKS ON NAPOLEON.

In the broad principles which Dr. C. lays down, we agree without the smallest qualification; and, in general, we go along with their application also. But occasionally, we think, he warps and strains them to get them to reach Napoleon. We think that, in many instances, he is unjust to the great subject of his analysis—but that, in most, he is fair and right—while, in all, his manner of judging is equally strong, severe, original, and ably-argued. He has achieved that most rare of all intellectual faculties—

that of blending the most close and logical reasoning, with the kindest charities of humanity. He *proves* that good feeling and good sense are always on the same side—that right and expedient are almost convertible terms. We think America has greater cause to be proud of Dr. Channing than of any writer she has yet put forth.

SIR W. JONES AND MR. DAY.

One day, upon removing some books at the chambers of Sir William Jones, a large spider dropped upon the floor, upon which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so conspicuous, "I will not kill that spider, Jones! I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider! Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster Hall, a superior being, who, perhaps, may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! kill that lawyer!' how should you like that, Jones? and I am sure, to most people, a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

MARSHAL SAXE.

The great Marshal Saxe was very fond of gaiety, and used to say, "The French troops must be led on gaily." His camp was always a gay scene; and it was at his camp-theatre that he gave the order for battle. The principal actress used to come forward and say, "There will be no play to-morrow, on account of the battle which the Marshal intends giving; the day following we shall act 'The Cock of the Village,' and 'The Merry Intriguers.'"

WILSON.

Towards the close of Wilson's life, annoyed and oppressed by the neglect which he experienced, it is well known that he unfortunately had recourse to those means of temporary oblivion of the world, to which disappointed genius but too frequently resorts. The natural consequence was,

that the works which he then produced were much inferior to those of his former days; a fact of which, of course, he was not himself conscious. One morning, the late Mr. Christie, to whom had been entrusted the sale by auction of a fine collection of pictures belonging to a nobleman, having arrived at a *chef-d'œuvre* of Wilson's, was expatiating with his usual eloquence on its merits, quite unaware that Wilson himself had just before entered the room. "This, gentlemen, is one of Mr. Wilson's Italian pictures;—he cannot paint any thing like it now." "That's a lie!" exclaimed the irritated artist, to Mr. Christie's no small discomposure, and to the great amusement of the company; "he can paint infinitely better!"

PALM WINE.

This wine, which is frequently mentioned by ancient writers, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm tree, and inserting a quill or reed through which the juice exudes. It is extremely pleasant to the taste, but strongly intoxicating; and you are frequently much amused in the East, by observing its effects upon the lizards, which, as soon as you leave the tree, run up and suck the juice. They immediately become intoxicated, and in that condition lie about, looking up stupidly in your face. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but have never been observed to be the worse for it.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

At a recent meeting of the Society in Paris for the promotion of elementary instruction, one of the secretaries read a paper, from which it appears, that the number of children in France to whom it is desirable to communicate this instruction is about 5,500,000, —2,750,000 boys and as many girls; that the number of communes is 39,381; that fewer than 24,000 of these communes have schools for boys; that the schools in those communes, to the number of 27,000, receive 1,070,000 children; that the number of girls educated at schools does not exceed

430,000; and, consequently, that 4,000,000 of children are still in need of instruction. Great hopes are, however, entertained that this desirable object may be accomplished; and it is said that, in the next session, a law on the subject will be proposed for the consideration of the French chambers.

if they were stripped of their purple, and cast naked into the world, would immediately sink to the lowest rank of society, without a hope of emerging from their obscurity. He might have added, that most of them deserve to be compelled to make the experiment.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

Sir Walter Scott has nearly finished a second series of this excellent and interesting school-book, which has been more successful than could have been anticipated, even by those who comprehend the extent and versatility of his genius. Upwards of 15,000 copies of the first series have been already sold; and from the tone in which it has been spoken of at Paris, we expect that the French translation will become as popular on the continent as the original is at home.

SHOOTING STARS.

The Mohammedans, who are an imaginative people, account for shooting or falling stars in the following manner:—The devils, according to their opinion, are a very inquisitive set of beings, who endeavor to ascend to the constellations, whence they may pry into the actions, and overhear the discourse of the inhabitants of heaven, and perhaps succeed in drawing them into temptation. The angels, who keep watch and ward over the constellations, hurl a few of the smaller orders of stars at these ambitious spirits, and thus produce those trailing fires that stream in clear nights over the sky.

MADEMOISELLE BOURGOIN,

In one of her conversations with Bonaparte, insinuated, in the most flattering terms, the pleasure it would give her to possess a portrait of his Majesty. Napoleon, generously as condescendingly, instantly complied with the fair one's request, by presenting her with a piece of five francs.

PRINCES.

Gibbon, who was no republican, observes, that the generality of princes,

DUELLING.

The King of Prussia has recently issued the most severe orders against duelling, which has increased, to a fearful degree, in his Majesty's dominions. He directs that all disputes shall be referred to a Court of Honor.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWISS.

If a huntsman, on going out in the morning, sees a fox cross his path, or meets an old woman or friar, he immediately returns home again; as he is persuaded that, in the first instance, he will meet with no game, and in the other, that he will shoot a man hidden in the leaves, or do some other irreparable mischief.—The stagnation of the blood known by the name of night-mare, is called by them *Tokeli*. This *Tokeli* is represented as a little gnome, all covered with fine grey hairs, but of an elegant figure, who lays himself on the chest of sleeping men or women, and embraces them nearly to suffocation. A person who has been thus embraced is in expectation of soon finding a treasure, as an indemnification from the *Tokeli* for the fear and agitation he has caused.

INDIAN HISTORY.

The first four volumes of a complete History of India have just appeared at Paris. They may in some measure be regarded as introductory to the history itself, as they consist entirely of dissertations on the chronology, philosophy, laws and literature of India.

ELOQUENCE.

A professor, whose lectures were generally nearly terminated ere the students had all arrived, commenced his observations lately on this neglect, by observing, "*The first who shall in future arrive the last, &c.*"